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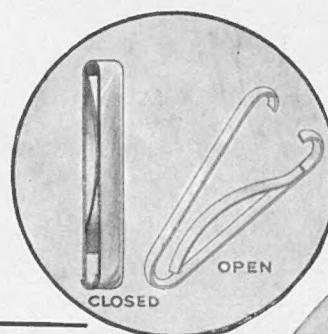
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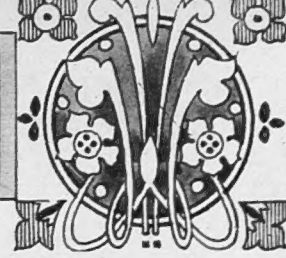
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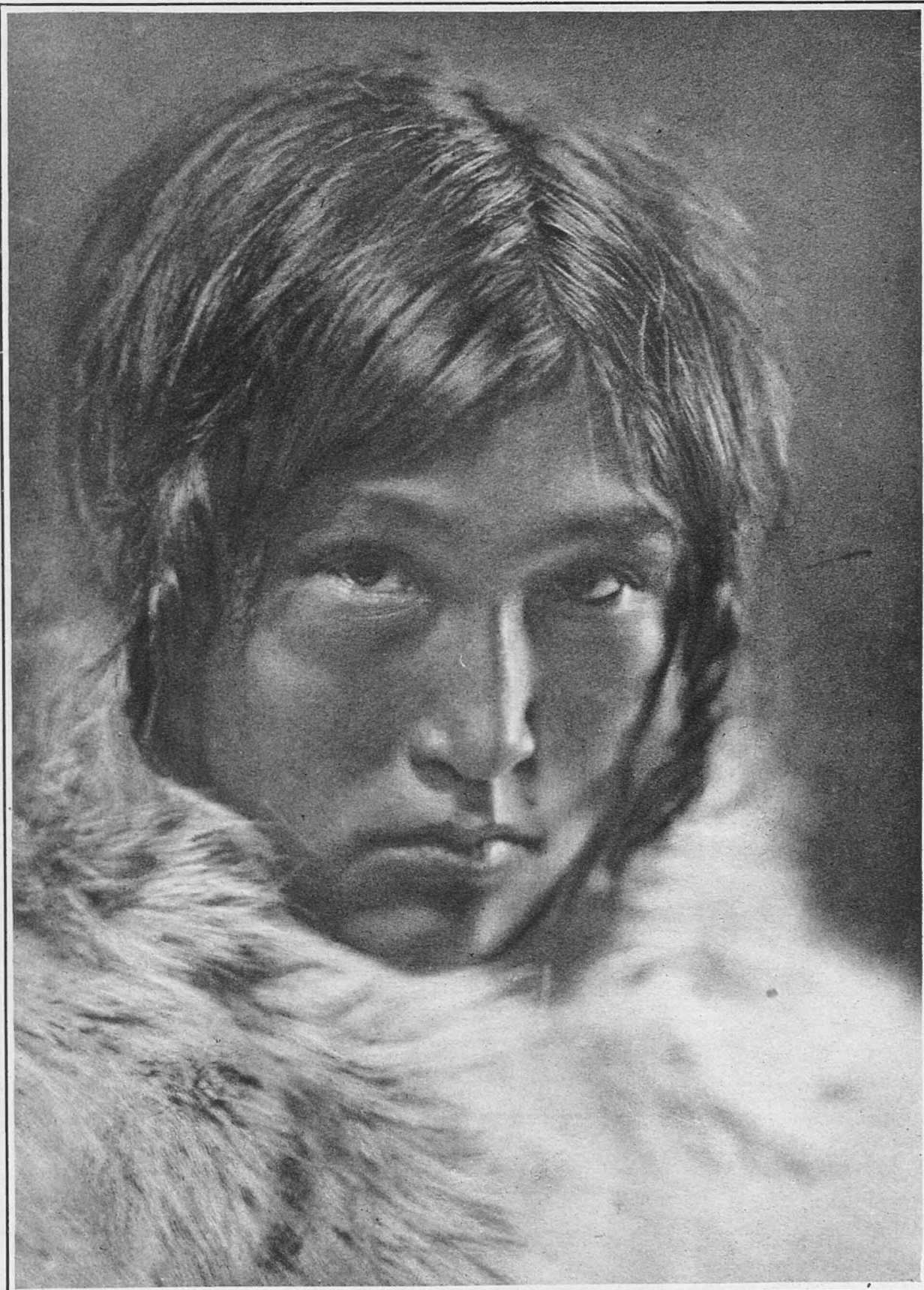


REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1547—Vol. CXIX.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



AN ESKIMO BEAUTY : NANOOK'S DAUGHTER IN "NANOOK OF THE NORTH."

"Nanook of the North," one of the most remarkable films, is now shown at the New Gallery Kinema, and is the story of an Eskimo family, their habits and doings. The pictures were taken on the north-eastern shore of Hudson Bay, 800 miles from the rail-head at Ontario, and are the result of ten years' work. There are some won-

derful scenes of a struggle between a walrus and Nanook and his family. He has harpooned the creature, but it takes the efforts of himself and his whole family to get it home, and there are other pictures of extraordinary interest showing the building of a hut, a snowstorm, and dogs drawing sleighs.—[Photograph by Robert Flaherty, F.R.G.S.]



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chitcot.")



INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY — GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND. —

FOR several days—since the second of this month, to be exact—I have not received a letter or seen a newspaper. My life by day has been spent upon the roads, and by night in hotels which generally vary in comfort and courtesy in disproportion to the prices charged.

I left home in a deluge of rain. One of the lessons I have learned from life is that well begun is usually badly done, whilst ill begun often has a happy ending. When I pulled up beneath the Sussex trees, and adjusted my hood and side-curtains, whilst the rain thundered down as though the heavens were furious with me for planning a tour of Devonshire and Cornwall at the fag-end of such a summer, I felt that all would presently be well with the weather. And astonishingly well has it been.

I have already mentioned hotels. This is a subject that every touring motorist is compelled to mention. He depends upon hotels just as surely as hotels depend upon him. The difference is that the motorist knows how dependent he is upon hotels, whilst some hotel managers think they could do very well without the motorist. Such managers are clearly fools. By charging as much as the leading London hotels for their rooms, and engaging ladies who write in ledgers for five minutes before deigning to notice that a visitor has arrived, they are pleading for the sudden and ruthless sack.

Too Many Rules.

We are getting too many rules in this country. When a man has driven a hundred-odd miles, and arrives at an hotel on a Sunday evening at six-thirty, and is compelled to drink tea with his meal whether tea agrees with him or not—that is an idiotic rule.

Still, it is a Government rule, and one does not blame hotel-keepers for rules they had no hand in framing. But I find local rules much on the increase. This tendency must be checked, or we shall have as many foolish rules as the United States of America.

On reaching a certain celebrated beauty spot in North Devon, I found a notice stating that no motor-car must stand in the roadway. The notice was not signed by anybody at all. Since I had already visited the beauty spot, and my companion reckoned that ten minutes would flatter it, I pulled up in the roadway. A large, beery gentleman became noisily officious.

"You can't stop there!" he bellowed.

"I have an excellent brake," I explained, and applied it.

"It's against the rules," he blustered. "You must put your car in the yard and pay a shilling."

I told him to fetch the policeman, and

admired the scenery. I saw the policeman later. He politely saluted.

Bullying the Visitor.

I ought, of course, to be writing of the beauties of Cornwall, Devon, and Land's End. I can do that at any time. My ambition is to help my fellow-man, and that is not achieved by praising bad hotels

booked rooms in advance. I read the booklet, and was impressed by a glowing testimonial from a novelist of some repute. I think he said that heaven had come to earth and called itself the Hotel —. Not a word about the charges. Possibly he did not know them.

"Yes," said the manageress at last, "I have one room, but only for one night." She looked at me as though I had just completed a term of penal servitude and was asking for a job as porter.

"Is it quiet?" I asked.

"Oh, I can't go into all that. We're far too busy."

She meant, of course, that I could "take it or leave it." I left it, and discovered delightful apartments, at one-tenth the price, in a charming old house without a booklet.

Roads.

I must say something about roads.

During this tour I have driven over the best and the worst roads in England. The road from Reading to Bath is the best. Broad, smooth, through delightful scenery, nothing better than this road can be imagined. Thirty miles an hour seems like fifteen, and you can pay no greater tribute to any surface.

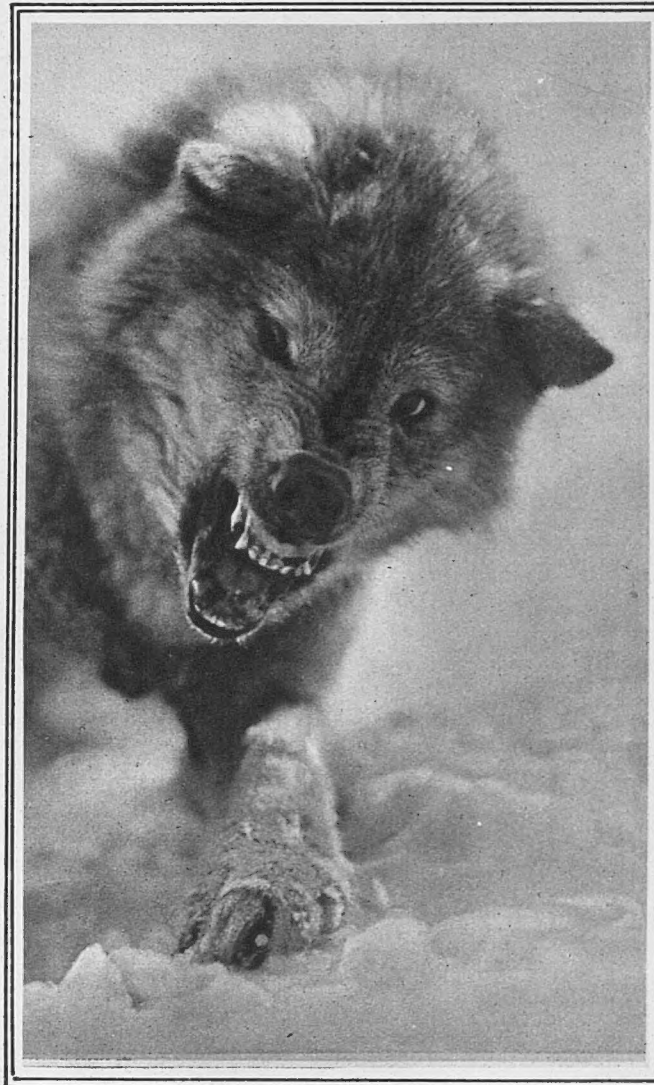
The worst stretch of road I have yet found lies between Bampton and South Molton. It is famous in the district. On this road fifteen miles an hour seems like a hundred. There are bad hills too, and accidents are common. The proprietor of an excellent garage at Barnstaple told me he dreaded that road not only for the vile surface and the hills, but also for the loneliness. "If you broke down," said he, "it means a night job." The same delightful notion had occurred to me as we traversed it. Without giving my reason, I inquired delicately into the matter of rations. Every motorist on tour should always carry rations for one night.

The road from Penzance to Land's End is pretty bad, but you don't mind that. You think of Gilbert and Sullivan, and begin to see one of their famous operas in a new light.

Up to the moment of writing, the most interesting conversation I have had at Land's End was on the topic of smuggling. My friend admitted to being a descendant of smugglers, and gazed with yearning eyes at the caves in which the casks of brandy and bales of lace used to lie hid.

"Smuggling," said he, "is the sign of a good and true man. There was a parson round about here who would never have a man in his church unless he was a smuggler. Yes, Sir, it was the smuggling spirit that won the war." An enthusiast, you see.

LAND'S END, Sept. 9.



AN ACTOR OF TEMPERAMENT: ONE OF THE DOGS IN "NANOOK OF THE NORTH," SHOWING AT THE NEW GALLER KINEMA.

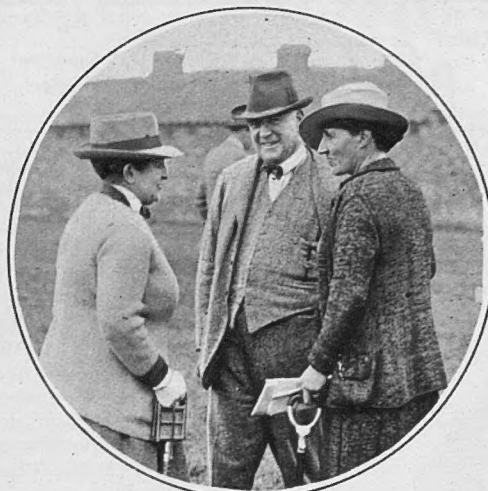
"Nanook of the North" is a "super"-film, and incidentally gives us a lot of most interesting information about the daily life of the Eskimos, and is full of dramatic interest as well. The various animal actors are a great feature of the production, and the country depicted has never been visited by the kinema photographer before.—[Photograph by Robert Flaherty, F.R.G.S.]

and waxing lyrical about scenery that will not run away.

Travellers must show a little more spirit or they will become mere paying slaves. I came to a certain town, and was told that all the hotels were full. I drove to the principal hotel and asked for a room. The manageress handed me a booklet to keep me quiet and good whilst she attended to people who had



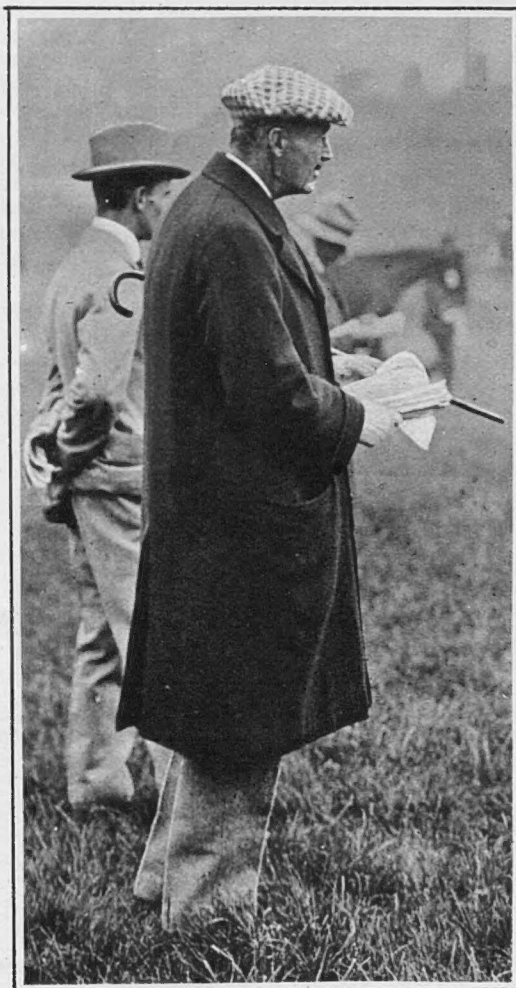
LADY SARAH WILSON (RIGHT) AND FRIEND.



LADY JAMES DOUGLAS TALKING TO LADY GREENALL.



LORD AND LADY MIDLETON.



SIR WALTER GILBEY.

LORD LONSDALE'S FIRST CLASSICAL RACE,

In spite of the weather, which did its worst, the enthusiasm of racegoers at Doncaster was unquenched and there were large attendances daily. Lady Sarah Wilson, aunt of the present Duke of Marlborough, is very keen on racing.—Lord and Lady Middleton were members of Lady Fitzwilliam's house party at Wentworth Wood-



LORD LONSDALE LEADING IN ROYAL LANCER (R. JONES UP).



LADY GEORGE DUNDAS (LEFT) AND COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM.



MR. SOMERVILLE TATTERSALL.

AND SOME OF THOSE WHO SAW IT.

house.—Mr. Somerville Tattersall is the owner of Two-Step, which won the Portland Handicap Stakes.—Lady James Douglas is a well-known racehorse owner.—Lord Lonsdale's Royal Lancer won the St. Leger Stakes.—Lady George Dundas is the Marquess of Zetland's daughter-in-law.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."



Venice Still. A more wonderful Venice than last week, because the leaves are beginning to turn gold. Against the tawny sepia walls one wants to pose all

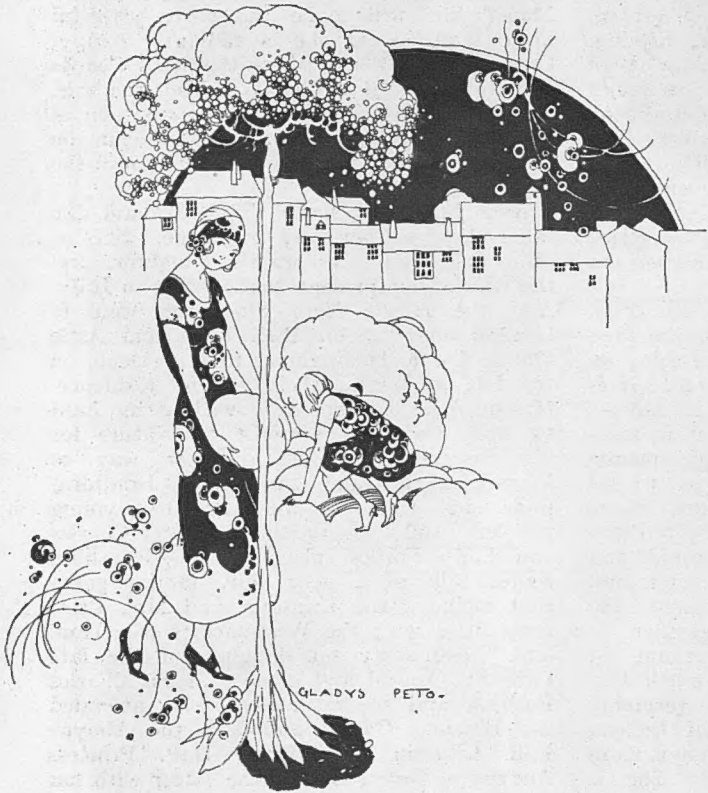
only thing she will take away with her is the old lace and the water-colour drawings she did herself. They are atrocious drawings, but when she looks at them in November-ish London, straightway she will find herself again saying: "Buon giorno" to the smiling gondolier with the white teeth. Memories are cheaper than old well-heads. And what could she do with her gate—even the loveliest old gate—in her little London house? (Already there are three Florentine ones at her cottage in the country!) She would like to take St. Mark's back with her, and the Doge's Palace, perhaps. . . . But the law of the land is against it.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Frank Bellville—the first Mrs. Frank Bellville—is still very busy shopping, buying all sorts of wonderful things here. Also Lady Lindsay was seen in several antiquity shops last week; and Mrs. Barran (Auriol Hay that was) looking at this and that—carved candlesticks, little old snuff-boxes, lamps, hour-books—and Jane has to exercise enormous self-control every time she passes a certain little shop on Ponte dei Dadi. There is the usual tempting word "Liquidazione" in great gold letters pinned to a crimson shawl that hangs over the balcony. There are old church embroideries and bronzes, and a genuine bargain or two tucked away between the conspicuous fakes. Near by, there is a fruit and flower stall. The whole of this

"Gesù Bambino" in the little "Presepio," or toy manger, is marvellously and wonderfully made in his own image. Of course, it appeals to his child heart. And the English lady was crying, so, of course, it would comfort her. And it did—more than the child knows. For comfort is needed for deep joy as well as for pain. And silly Jane was back in the throes of wondering why the world was such an inscrutable medley of beauty and ugliness, sunshine and shadow, love and hate. And the human Bambino was the last straw, bless his little Southern heart. It was a relief to buy two candles—a relief to Protestant Jane to light them to the glory of the "Madonna della Salute"—to the lifelong gladness of one brown child.

And Now England.

Michaelmas daisies and bills and cubbing again. And the coldest winds—at least where Jane is this week on the river, with nothing but summer clothes. It is near Marlow, where there used to be summer weather in September. Now, if one punted at all, a fur coat would be the only comfortable garment. But Lady Clayton's garden in the distance is still beautiful. The lawns of Harleyford still meet the river like green velvet on water silk. The kitchen gardens are a glow of colour. There is a long grass path leading between every flower that



1. Fired by the latest venture of this kind, Angela means to start an "All-Weather Golf Practice Ground" in the back garden. This is she and Kitten making a fine bunker in the rock garden—which never grew anything but rocks, anyhow.

day in the sun, conscious only of colour and warmth, and water that, more than any water in the world, catches the mood of the sky and the mood of the little gardens, and the mood of the brightly dressed beauties who languish in romantic gondolas.

Jane is never going back to England and cold grey skies again. That is what she says as she suns herself like a pigeon, while the more practical part of her is already looking up time-tables and counting out the very most she can possibly give to the worst *concierge* in the land. In Venice every woman has two souls—one for the world of beauty as she finds it, another for the beloved little old things she can take home with her.

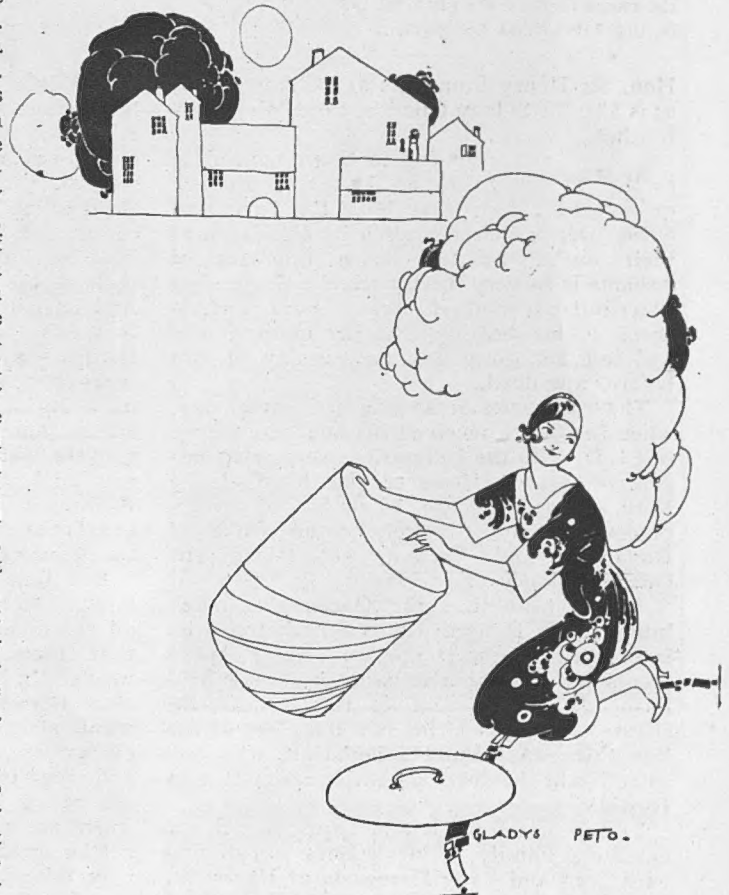
At first, the second soul predominates. She thinks she will buy mosaics. She will buy beautiful leather screens, all painted in golds and blues and mellow reds. She will buy a well-head and some old stone garden ornaments, and that lovely old gate. Then there is that man who copies Giorgione. She must have his copy of "The Soldier and the Gipsy." She must have at least one good copy of a Titian and a Tintoretto and a Bellini—the one with the two delightful little boys, winged as cherubim, playing on musical instruments at the foot of the throne in the sacristy at the Friari—the church that rivals S.S. Giovanni e Paolo as a Venetian Pantheon.

Soon she finds she hates copies. In the degree that her appreciation of the beautiful grows, her detestation of make-believe positively bursts all bonds!

She cannot suffer these copies. They grow cruder every time you look at them. The

Jane has brought away with her, without paying a single lira! It is stored in her memory for all time—the old grey stone pavement, the sleepy cat, the great round baskets of colour, every colour, piled in glorious confusion, with the sun painting dream-clouds on the higher, further tiers; the black-eyed baby girl who smiles and coos, and wants so desperately to be Jane's baby, if only the little ragamuffin brother would let her; the smell of lemons and onions and roses and apples; the pigeons who have strayed from the Piazzetta. . . . oh, a million memories more that remind one of Saint-Victor, who spoke truth when he said: "Les autres villes ont des admirateurs, Venise a des amoureux!" One other thing Jane has brought away with her—a little "Gesù Bambino."

Jane is not a Roman Catholic, but the dirty little boy who gave it to her is. He found her standing alone on the last night looking (if he only knew it!) so happy that tears were in her foolish eyes. And he toddled up and held out his little "Gesù Bambino." He does not worship this little doll, as we cold Protestants say. The Italian child worships (as we all worship) the thing that comforts him. The



2. And Angela means to use the dust-bin for something—surely a bunker might be made of that, too.

blooms to a little plantation of trees on rising ground where you get the most glorious view of hill and dale for miles and miles.

And Lady Clayton herself is as fond of young people as ever, and as devoted to her bridge. In the neighbourhood the Marquise d'Hautpoul is also back after a round of visits—back in the garden of her heart, her deepest joy at present, and one which she has certainly made a joy to her friends.

She was, of course, lately the guest of the King and Queen at Cowes, and is one of her Majesty's greatest friends. Her brother, the

will have been all postponed. It is no small thing to reach a golden wedding day after the extraordinary life Sir Claude has enjoyed—and I say enjoyed advisedly, as verily no man ever had greater capacity for enjoyment. Though I am not so sure it would be quite so jolly to be his wife—what with anxious months of waiting while he was shooting big game, or performing still more dangerous feats of dare and do in all sorts of outlandish places.

Mrs. Clare Sheridan Again. Everyone is again discussing Mrs. Sheridan.

Her interview with Mr. Kipling, as reported in the *New York World*, was the keynote to many a conversation Jane had during the week-end. It all shows how the old world is moving—lady journalists may yet even cause or stop wars. But whether Mr. Kipling said so or not, "America—the real America" did not die in 1860.

Jane knows, for she has been there since. The America Jane knows is the most alive thing on this little revolving earth. It is alive as an infant is alive—stretching its little fat arms, kicking out its dimpled legs, opening wide its mouth and eyes to see what all the stir is about. Some day it will grow up. In a thousand years it will grow old, and only old people really understand babies. The Alpha and the Omega are so close together.

And now that everyone in America is making so much fuss about the danger of receiving the mongrel peoples of Central Europe, Russia, etc., Jane is more interested than ever. She is standing somewhere a million miles above our solar system, looking at America with a microscope.

She thinks she understands a little the working of Destiny. Slavs and Austrians and Poles and Russians—all of them have something so far solely their own. Good or bad, they are necessary components of a new kind of man. The old, threadbare European has been in the crucible for so long. And he still fights and burns his brother's house and kills his brother's sons. In a thousand years or so, a full-grown America, made up of a conglomeration of atoms from the Old World will give the Weaver of our destinies a new kind of man. And another Kipling will arise—the new-old blood of an American grafted on to the old-new blood of the European.

But Jane has been gardening lately. Her mind is obsessed by all the different kinds of flowers that grew from the common weeds. In the garden she planted there is room for more improvement still. There are worms everywhere, and battalions of ants and wasps beyond number eating the apples. There are weeds, too—nettles and nameless ugly things. . . . And the whole fun of gardening is in trying to find out which plant does best *where*! You never know till you have exhausted every possibility. But we have no time to scold. Who would expect the newest

arrival in the flower-border to behave as gloriously as the old-fashioned flowers sown by our grandmothers?

Not that any of this has anything to do with Mrs. Sheridan. So far as I know, she never planted a garden in her life!

Comings and Goings.

Frankly, Jane hasn't much news this week. People are all incognito in these Chiltern hills. But we are all looking forward to Miss Violet de Trafford's wedding on October 3, at St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Place. She will make the most beautiful bride, and I hear she is radiantly happy. Captain Keith Menzies is in the Scots Guards and won the Military Cross during the war. He is one of the best-known young men in London, where he dances and dines out in the younger set more than almost any man in the Brigade of Guards.

And Jane saw Lady Sybil Graham the other day, on her way to Rome. She is, of course, Lord Middleton's daughter, and the wife of our present Ambassador to Italy. And the H. de Vere Stacpooles were in London one day on their way from Astle House, Castle Hedingham, to Cliff Dene, on the Isle of Wight, their present residence. Mr. de Vere Stacpoole is writing as hard as ever, and goes straight to Nature for his inspiration. And on her way to Weston Park Jane saw Lady Bradford, just back from France with her young people. And from Castle Newe, Sir Charles and Lady Forbes' place in Aberdeenshire, comes talk of a very jolly family party that included the Brintons, and Mrs. Brinton's little son; the Westmacotts (the Hon. Mrs. Westmacott is a daughter of the late Lord St. Oswald and a niece of Sir Charles Forbes), and several others, who attended the Braemar Games and also the Aboyne Ball, held in the Victory Hall. Princess Andrew of Greece was at the latter with her two daughters, Princess Marguerite and Princess Theodora, having been taken by Lady Glentanar, with whom they are staying.

And from Eastbourne I hear so much about the lawn-tennis tournament that it must wait till next week. The last big tennis tournament of the year, and all the best players at their best, and Mr. Leo Maxse to add interest—"his fine forehead quite justifying all one expects of him!" as my correspondent said.

IRREPRESSIBLE
JANE.



3. At Angela's admired model they have magnificent nets with targets in them for driving practice, and nets behind to catch the balls. Judging other people's play by her own, Angela doesn't suppose that anyone ever gets through the targets, so she means to utilise the windows in the flats behind her garden.

Hon. Sir Henry Stonor, is at Balmoral now, as is also Sir Sidney Greville, Lord Warwick's brother.

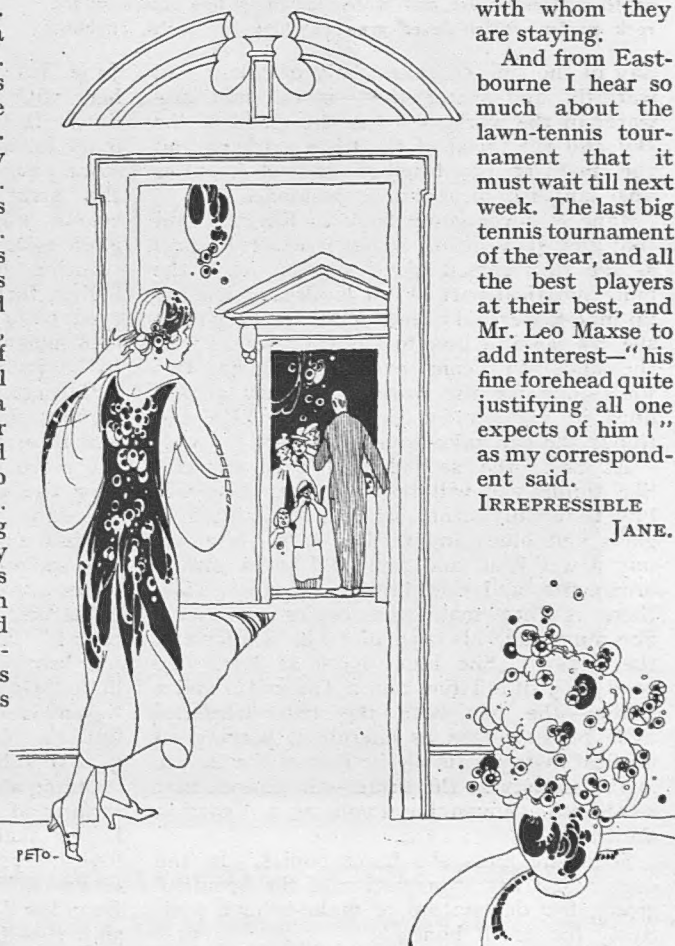
At Balmoral. Owing to Court mourning, life at Balmoral is very quiet, and I hear that both the King and Queen were much distressed by the death of their aunt. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone is so very often with the Queen (her sister-in-law), and it was a very terrible shock to her hearing that her mother, who had left her quite well only a day or two before, was dead.

The ceremonies at Aberdeen the other day, when the Queen received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University, were of a semi-private nature. However, the Principal, the Very Rev. Sir George Adam Smith, accompanied by the Chancellor, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, entertained the Queen to luncheon.

And I hear that the Queen was much interested in Princess Helen Scherbatoff, who is preparing to start poultry-feeding experiments on an extensive scale in the animal husbandry department of the Rowett Institute. Princess Helen is a daughter of the late Prince Alexander Scherbatoff, who was so active in the development of agriculture in Russia.

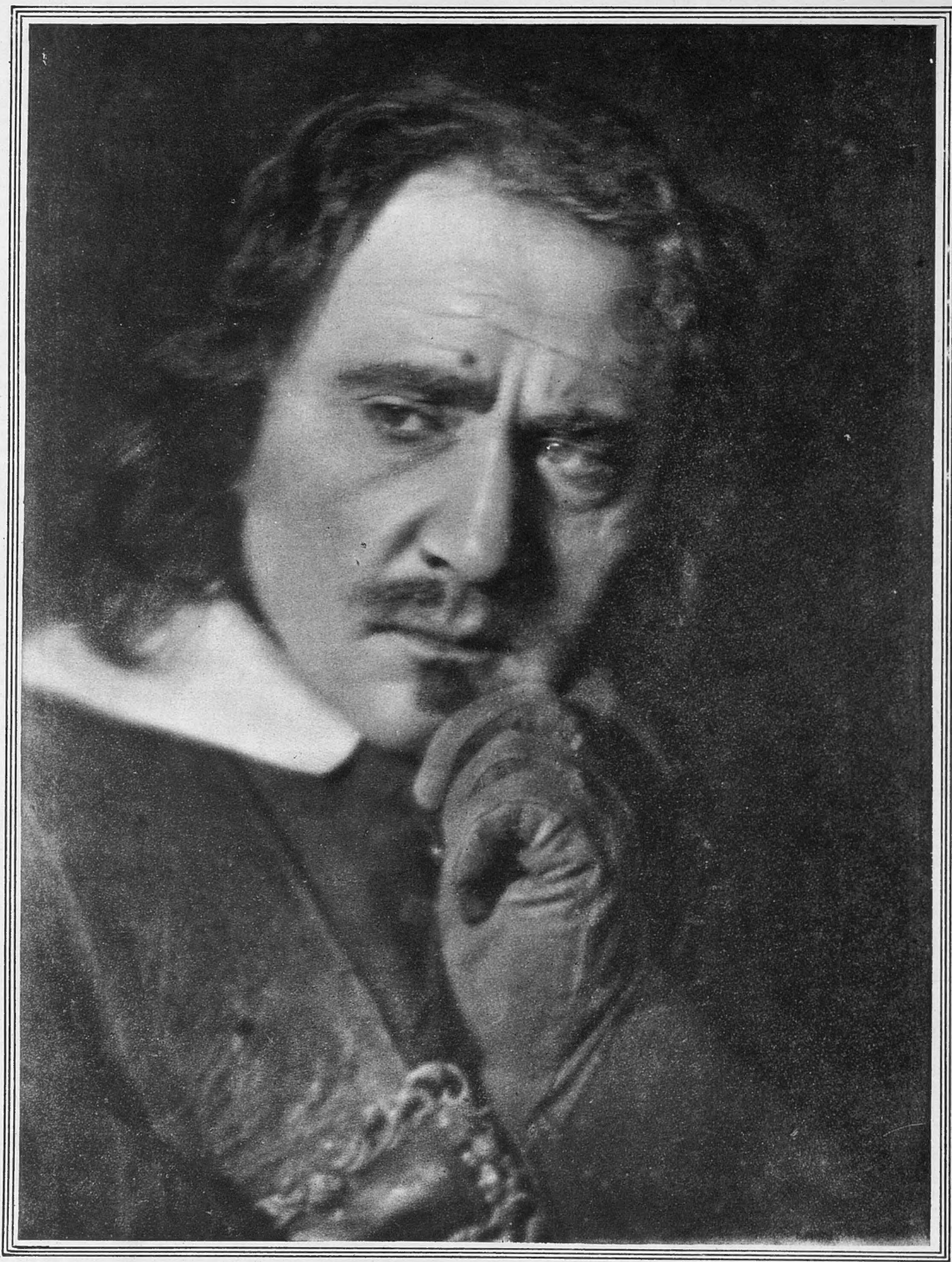
This is not being a very happy month for our Royal Family. Princess Mary was staying with Lord and Lady Harewood at Harewood House when one of the guests, Vice-Admiral the Hon. Robert Boyle, died suddenly of heart failure. He was the third son of the fifth Earl of Shannon, and married one of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny's daughters.

Which reminds me that the golden wedding anniversary of that veteran Baronet was to have been celebrated this week with ceremonious rejoicings, and now I suppose they



4. Angela supposed the balls would go a few feet and be retrieved by the darling dogs—but, alas! her pupils are magnificent shots. This is Algy bravely battling with the cohorts of infuriated citizens who all have broken heads and windows.

Charles I.'s Great Rival.



A FORMER LYCEUM SUCCESS AT THE AMBASSADORS': MR. H. ST. BARBE WEST AS CROMWELL.

When the play was originally produced in 1872, a storm of protest arose against the author's treatment of Oliver Cromwell. Whether this point of view will be shared by playgoers of to-day remains

to be seen. H. B. Irving revived the play at the Shaftesbury in 1909. The last time it was produced with his great father in the character of the King was in 1902.

Photographic Study by C. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.

As the Martyr King.



A MARVEL OF MAKE-UP: MR. RUSSELL THORNDIKE AS CHARLES I.

It is arranged that the famous Lyceum drama, "Charles I.," is to be produced to-morrow (Sept. 21), at the Ambassadors' Theatre, with Mr. Russell Thorndike as the King—a part in which Henry Irving made such a triumph; and though the play was originally produced in

1872, it was kept in his repertoire until the end of his career. The Queen was played by Miss Ellen Terry, who acted also in all the revivals. The Henrietta Maria of the present production is Miss Miriam Lewes, and Miss Amy Brandon-Thomas plays the part of Lady Eleanor.

Photograph study by C. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.

Where Rain and Cold make No Difference: North Berwick.



(left to right)
Mr. Menzies, Mrs. F.A. Johnston, Lady Hay & Mr. Follett



(left to right) Mr. Follett, Lady Mildred Fitzgerald,
Miss Angela Tollemache, Mrs. Menzies & Miss Jessel



Mrs. J.M. Robertson.



Sir George and Lady Holford.



Miss Angela Tollemache & Mrs. Mardgen;
Mrs. F.A. Johnston (in centre)



Mr. Charles Ardrey & Miss de Free.



Lady Darnley talking to
Mr. W. de Roets.

(On right)
Capt. Arncliffe, Mrs. Hepburn
Mr. Grant Suttie, (on left)
Lord Hawke, Capt. & Mrs. Phillips.



Mrs. Blackwood & Mrs. Field

Lady Hay is the wife of Sir Duncan Hay, tenth Baronet, of Smithfield and Haystoun, and the daughter of Mr. Wallace C. Houston.—Lady Mildred Fitzgerald is the sister of the present Lord Dunmore, and married Brigadier-General Follett in 1904. He was killed in action in 1918. She married Major Sir John Fitzgerald in 1919. Mr. Follett is her only son by her first marriage.—Miss Angela Tollemache is the daughter of the Hon. Douglas Tollemache, son of the first Baron Tollemache, and great-uncle of the present peer.—Sir George Holford,

K.C.V.O., C.I.E., C.B.E., is the eldest son of the late Robert Stayner Holford. He married, in 1912, Susannah West, daughter of the late Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft. He was Equerry to King Edward VII., and is an Extra Equerry to King George.—Lady Darnley married the Earl of Darnley in 1884, and is a D.B.E.—Mr. Grant-Suttie, of Balgone, North Berwick, is the youngest son of the fifth Baronet, and married, in 1884, the Hon. Edith Dawnay, daughter of Lord Downe.—Lord Hawke is the seventh Baron.—[Photographs by Balmain.]

This Week's Studdy



DORMY SIX.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

The SECOND Studdy Dogs' Portfolio is now on sale, and is even better than the first. It contains sixteen plates in colours and continues the famous series of Studdy "Sketch" Dogs. Copies should be obtained immediately.

The Sportsman's Paradise: Studies of British Game Birds.



No. III.—SNIPE ON THE WING.

We continue here the series of paintings of the chief British game birds, by Mr. G. E. Lodge, the famous bird artist, made specially for "The Sketch." Here we see that tricky little bird, the snipe, the shooting of which requires a particular knack, and

has given its name to the well-known military term, "sniper." Their curious zig-zag flight in the pairing season produces a sound sometimes called "drumming." It is probably due to vibrations of the feathers in descending from a height.

DRAWING MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. LODGE.

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A Star on Her Holiday.



WITH HER CHILDREN, JOHN AND JOAN: MISS GLADYS COOPER.



MISS GLADYS COOPER'S DAUGHTER:
JOAN BUCKMASTER.



CHAIRING JOHN: MISS GLADYS COOPER
AND JOAN.

Elsewhere in this issue we give a photograph of Miss Gladys Cooper alone. Here she is seen with her children, Joan and John Buckmaster.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE STAGE PHOTO CO., EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



The Clubman. By Beveren.

THE restaurateur of genius always has some surprise for his clients; he does not allow their interest to get into a rut. Luigi is wonderful in this respect. On the opening night of the reconstructed, re-decorated Embassy Club, he actually brought round two special baskets—one full of fresh ripe raspberries, the other of *fraises de bois*. Where he got them from was his secret, but he was willing to wager £100 that no other club or restaurant in London would be able that night to offer such out-of-season delicacies. Luigi has been on a six-weeks' holiday very far South; that, perhaps, provides a clue.

Another of his surprises was a table which stood beneath the mirror where the wide staircase leading up to the orchestra used to be. This table was unoccupied during dinner. No cloth was laid upon it. From beneath came a soft, illuminating glow, and in similar fashion the glasses on the table were made to look as if they were filled with some wine of rare and delicate tint. It all helped to lend an additionally attractive note to the Embassy's new scheme of decoration, which is in sea-green and ivory, with purple-cushioned banquettes.

At supper time, when the club was packed, the mystery table was occupied by the beautiful Miss Gladys Cooper, who brought a gay party in which Mr. Ivor Novello and Mr. Clifton Webb, who sings and dances so agreeably in "Phi-Phi," were the chief attendant squires.

Nelson Keys Talks and Dances.

Miss Ethel Levey, who, it is pleasant to note, is restored to the stage, was keeping her table alive with humour and anecdote. Mr. Nelson Keys and a partner cleverly fox-trotted for a couple of minutes without shifting from one particular square yard of the floor, while Mr. Keys conducted a brisk conversation with that other agile comedian, Mr. Leslie Henson. Sir James Dunn was one of the few City magnates back in town for the occasion. Society as a whole is still abroad or in Scotland; but there were enough well-dressed women present to show that the longer skirt has most definitely re-established itself, and that dull yellow is strangely popular.

At Deal and Sandwich.

The finer weather of last week brought decision to many people who had put off and put off going away for a holiday until they had begun to wonder whether such a thing was worth bothering about this year. The seaside golf resorts have had a new influx of visitors. I know of hurriedly improvised parties for Rye, Aldeburgh, and Littlestone; and at Deal there have been two-hour waits before getting off the first tee.

Prince's, as usual, has been a haven of peace, where the serious golfer can concentrate to his heart's content. The course is in splendid condition and probably has stood last year's drought better than any of the first-class courses. The state of Royal St. George's has rather worried the committee

Conservatoire de Paris; and her engagement at Ciro's came about in this way.

One night, at the height of the Deauville season, King Alfonso gave a big dinner party at the Deauville Ciro's. There came into the restaurant, accompanying that wonderful woman Emilienne d'Alençon, whose beauty seems never to fade, a girl, blonde, very good-looking, tall and slender. In a moment of enthusiasm she said she would like to play the violin to the animated, brilliant assembly of diners. The restaurant manager at first did not take the offer seriously, but Emilienne d'Alençon explained who the young lady was, and she was led to the platform. She played once, and was encored. She played again and yet again, and the King of Spain expressed his genuine pleasure.

It was the first time Mlle. Curtis had played in a restaurant, and it was noticeable how absorbed could be the attention given to high-class music amid such unusual surroundings.

The next thing was that Sir Walter de Frece, who is one of the directors of the London Ciro's, was wired for to go to Deauville to hear Mlle. Curtis play. Now she has begun what looks like being a very interesting season in London.

Not the Same.

Not all the big business men who are putting money into musical comedy have an ear for music. A few nights ago, at a fashionable restaurant, one of them mentioned that he had been looking up the receipts, and such-and-such a piece had undoubtedly been the biggest financial success at a certain well-known theatre. "It's

very pretty music," he went on, "and I think we ought to revive it. Look here," he added enthusiastically, "let the band here play it."

The friend to whom he spoke was of a humorous turn of mind. He went to the leader of the restaurant orchestra and asked him to play the music of another piece which has been a big success at a rival theatre.

The band struck up. "What music is this?" asked one of the party. "It sounds good."

"Oh," replied the big business man; "don't you know? This is ——" (mentioning the piece which he had asked to be played); "I'm thinking of having it revived."



TAKEN AT HAREWOOD HOUSE DURING A RECENT VISIT: PRINCESS MARY AND HER IN-LAWS.

During her recent stay at Harewood House, Princess Mary had this photograph taken of herself, her husband, and his family. The group comprises (standing): Mrs. Edward Lascelles, Viscount Lascelles, Lord Harewood, and Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles, who is Lord Harewood's second son. Princess Mary and Lady Harewood are in front, seated.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

and members of the most famous of all English golf clubs. The scorching suns of last year have left the fairways of most of the holes pretty bare. There is nothing "sleek" about the course now. But the task of getting it into order again is being carried out with determination. Roughly speaking, each hole is being closed in turn for seeding and restorative treatment. The natural qualities of this magnificent stretch of golfing ground should do the rest.

The Lady Violinist at Ciro's.

Ciro's have a new orchestral attraction—a young lady who plays violin solos, and is a musician of undoubted quality. She is Mlle. Yvonne Curtis, who has had a distinguished career at the

More from Doncaster: Some of the Many Thousands.



Lady Carlile.
(left)



Hon.
Ivy
Stapleton.



Miss Wyndham Quinn, The Earl of Enniskillen &
Mrs. Wyndham Quinn.



The Hon.
Sybil
Fitzroy.
(centre)



Lady Ursula Grosvenor.

Lady Fitzwilliam, Lady Dundas and a friend.

ST. LEGER WEEK AT DONCASTER: SOME PROMINENT PERSONALITIES.

In spite of the chilly and wet weather, the Doncaster races were very well attended. Princess Mary, who, with Viscount Lascelles, stayed at Edenfield Park, with Lord and Lady Lonsdale, was present dressed in black,

owing to Court mourning. Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam had a very large house party for the races at Wentworth Woodhouse. The St. Leger Stakes were run on Wednesday, and the winner was Royal Lancer.

Photographs by C. N. and Sport and General.



Tales with a sting.

A DEARTH OF MATERIAL.

By IRIS BARRY.

GL. PRICE sat in his study gloomily tapping a paper-knife against his desk. He had begun to believe he would never think of a plot again. It was six weeks since he had completed his last novel, and so far he had not the dawn of an idea of how to write another. His inventive propensities were desiccated; his household bored him—all he could do was to sit in his study and glower over the prospects of a total incapacity to maintain it: the two servants, his charming wife, the three children, the car, the dog, and pleasant garden. Things had come to a bad pass, and he saw himself before long heading the way to the local union, followed by Grouch, his dog, and Mrs. Price, with little Timothy, flanked by Janet and Teddy. The servants, he concluded, would no doubt have evacuated their costly stronghold before then.

The door opened and Mrs. Price came in breezily.

"So sorry to disturb you, dear," she began; "but what do you think has happened?"

He looked up drearily.

"Dunno."

"You know Evans, the milkman, the one that yodels so—well, what do you think? He told cook. His old father who left Pwllheli thirty years ago died last year in New Zealand. And Evans has just heard that his father had married again out there, but quite bigamously, as you know Evans's old mother is living with him and knits things. Well, the bigamous wife hung on to what the old man left, and then got scared and owned up; and, my dear, just think of it, there were acres and acres of mutton, and a factory for making dried milk—in all, worth about £30,000, which all comes to Evans and his old mother. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Oh, I don't know," Price said without enthusiasm; "I suppose such things are comparatively frequent, especially if you happen to have a Welsh father."

Unable to find any means of sharing her excitement at the milkman's story, his wife left the room. Price sat down before his typewriter without, however, removing the cover. Contemplation of its cold form, which he felt he would never again rouse to action, made him feel quite ill, so he went out into the garden and glared at the plantains on the lawn. His cat Angus was creeping along near the border, and made a sudden dart as a cabbage butterfly rose from an aster. A sparrow swooped down from a sweet-pea stick right in front of her nose and snatched the butterfly from under her mischievous paw.

Angus gave a sorrowful glare at the impudent sparrow (which flew up again to the pea-stick without haste), and, holding her tail very proudly over her full-coated black back, stalked down the steps leading to the kitchen with a fair semblance of not caring one way or the other. Price saw the white baby-linen floating in the breeze from a new line the other

side of his fence; but the emergence of his next-door neighbour into the adjacent garden to secure some of these flapping absurdities so disgusted Price—the man looked so ridiculously proud and willing to help in these new events in his life—that he stamped indoors cursing all recently married men as dolts. "Just wait till he can't earn another penny," he muttered to himself, "and then perhaps he'll look less beatific."

Further contemplation of his study furniture bored him painfully. He went into the hall, took his hat from the rack, and went out. "S'pose I shall never have a new hat now," he thought, and went down the lane to the post-office to buy a stamp as a diversion.

Just as he was going into the little stationer's shop wherein the postal headquarters of the village were enthroned, he noticed a tall, brown-faced man of about twenty-six or so coming towards him. The stranger looked tropically sunburnt and hale. He really ought to have interested Price; but even when he saw the stranger nod a cherry greeting, Price took little note, and went on into the post-office.

"Good-morning, Mr. Price," Miss Catt, the postmistress, newsagent, and stationer, said; "did you see young Billings as he went by? My, didn't he look well, after all he's lived through, too!"

"Billings—Billings . . ." murmured Price, pushing a sixpence under the brass bars of the counter. "Three twopennies, please. Where have I heard that name before?"

"Oh, come, Mr. Price, you don't say you've forgotten young Billings that used to weed gardens and do odd jobs hereabouts some six or seven years ago, and ran away aboard ship?"

"Ah, yes," Price said.

"It's a most miraculous story," Miss Catt continued with shining eyes, "to think how that lad ran away and was shipwrecked in East Africa, and crossed a lava desert without water, killing a German spy who was up to no good making maps for the next war, and then fell in with a tribe of pigmies no higher than children of eight, who crowned him king and worshipped him, till mauling Zulus or some such folks in search of ivory-traders killed off his subjects and took him bound towards the coast to serve him up as a sacrifice, and he escaped again and built himself a raft by night and cast up on a tiny island, living for months on end on turtles' eggs, till an American hydroplane stopped there for repairs by chance and took him to the States, and he having worked his passage home by cattle-boat to find his mother, as you well know, winner of one of those Continental lotteries that, as you too, no doubt, I hold sinful but very nice. Why, it's all the talk this morning him and young Evans. I've never in all my life—" Miss Catt stopped, panting.

"Yes," said Price; "very interesting, I'm sure," and walked out blessing her for an old chatterbox.

As he turned past the lightning-stricken poplar that marked the bisection of his own particular lane with the main Surrey road he saw a young girl sitting on a heap of stones by the roadside, sobbing, apparently with the pain of her ankle, which she rubbed tenderly, and with vexation at the wreck of her bicycle, which lay buckled up beside her amidst the ruins of dough-nuts, pots of jelly, and chicken-breasts scattered beneath it in the dust.

He recognised her as Miss Entham, the very handsome daughter of a peer's second son, the said son having rented Lodge Hall for the summer months. Now Mrs. Price had audibly longed to get to know the Enthams.

"Hurt yourself?" Price inquired.

"Oh, dear, yes," Miss Entham, who didn't know him from Adam, replied. From his curt speech and very aged clothing—for he wore the old velveteen coat with a cigarette burn on the collar which he affected in his study—she no doubt took him for an artisan of some sort.

"Do you think you could manage to carry me to my home, my man?" she said. "It's only quite a little way, and you look quite strong."

"Don't mind," said Price, and managed to heave her up without being too rough on the injured ankle. He tottered along with the desirable Miss Entham in his arms. Her hair brushed his cheek, and she lay quite nicely, although a trifle solidly, in his arms. For a moment he wished he were not a married man. But they were already at the imposing white country house; he hurriedly deposited her in the lounge-hall among the illustrated weeklies and fox-terriers abounding there, and, muttering something to the Hon. Terence Entham, who came out of the billiard-room on receiving the news of his daughter's accident, hurried away, leaving the impression that he was a boor as well as an artisan, but not before the Peer's son had slipped a ten-shilling note into his hand.

As he turned homewards, a last pang of romance shot through his heart, and he thought for a moment of Miss Entham's hair. With a start he came to his senses, and secreted the note in a safe place well inside his pocket-book.

"That may come in handy," he told himself gloomily. "I really must keep my mind off these foreign matters if I'm ever to succeed in squeezing out of my rotten head enough bread-and-butter to keep life in my starving wife and children."

And he went in through the little green gate of his home into the area of dinner odours. But the welcome smell of English mutton fresh roasted and spring greens hardly moved him. He felt absolutely certain he would never be able to think of another plot.

THE END.

GEMS FROM THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY



THE LACE CAPE.

The London Salon of Photography opened its annual show on Sept. 9. As stated in the catalogue, the "aim of the London Salon is to exhibit only that class of work in pictorial photography in which there is distinct

evidence of personal artistic feeling and execution," and this promise is more than kept in this year's show. We publish in this issue some very fine examples.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS BASIL NOW EXHIBITED AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE GALLERIES OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

Photography as a Fine Art.



THE SPOT LIGHT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. FINDLAY, NOW EXHIBITED AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY HELD AT THE GALLERIES OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

A Gem from the London Salon of Photography.



THE MEDIAEVAL GOWN.

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY HUGH CECIL NOW EXHIBITED AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY HELD AT THE GALLERIES OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

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THE MERMAID'S ROCK.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCIS JAY, NOW EXHIBITED AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY HELD AT THE GALLERIES
OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

The Sketch, Sept. 20, 1922

The Grace of Movement in Photography.



THE DANCER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURAY NOW EXHIBITED AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY HELD AT THE GALLERIES
OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

THERE is always a nice even tone of quality running through the Brighton Tournament. It is not a case of the first events on the programme absorbing all the interest, or the well-known favourites getting all the bouquets while the rest of the performers play to empty seats. And such a sociable affair it is! Here opponents are friends before, during, and after play—a somewhat rare thing to find in the tournament of to-day. But I could hardly look upon this smiling, cheerful gathering as a tournament at all.

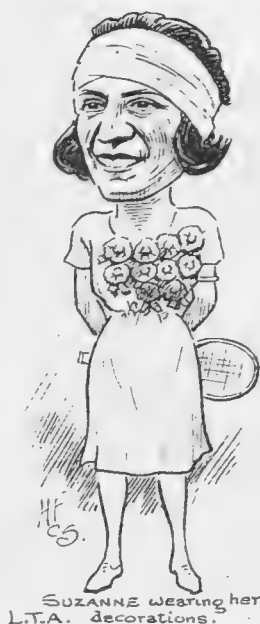
It was more like a big Sussex garden party. All these mothers and fathers, and sisters and brothers, were guests of the referee. I could see the invitation cards: "Mr. F. R. Burrow—At Home—Sussex County Cricket Ground." And, tucked away in the corner: "Lawn Tennis, 10—dusk."

Whether the referee himself ever felt at all like a host during the week, or looked upon any of the competitors as his guests, I cannot say. But I would be prepared

to bet a new hat that he wished to goodness he hadn't asked so many of them. Not because they didn't all thoroughly enjoy themselves; but there are limits to the capacity of even a cricket ground as a place for entertaining one's friends. In fact, anyone but this experienced and tactful host would have made a disastrous failure of it. As it was, everyone went away delighted with the hospitality, and sorry it was all over.

As an example of the stupendous size of the

tournament—for it is no longer any use pretending it was a garden party—no fewer than 230 matches were concluded on the Tuesday, making an average of ten per court. Mr. G. Lionel King, who has been honorary secretary of the tournament for thirty years, told me he had never known such a colossal accomplishment for any manager, especially considering the time of year. Before I went to the Brighton meeting I had heard that it was impossible to play lawn-tennis there, because the courts were all up and down hill. I pictured the players when they had to change courts. One tripping merrily down the grassy slope with a gay *facilis descensus* air; the other climbing laboriously up the steep incline, using his racket-handle as an alpenstock. I quite expected to find that the umpire's chair had such a terrible list that it was necessary to secure it on one side with stout guy-ropes to keep the official from tumbling over. But, of course, there was nothing like this to be seen on the fine green expanse of the Sussex County Cricket Ground. Whatever slope there is probably provides a very convenient excuse for that little band of "grousers" who never realise that they are more often defeated by their own bad play than by any slight imperfections of the lawns. The programme of this important South Coast meeting contained no fewer than thirty-one events, and so one could scarcely grudge the "bob" which is charged for it. This works out at less than a halfpenny per event, which is really very moderate. They have devised rather a clever way of almost compelling visitors to purchase this big budget of information,



SUZANNE wearing her L.T.A. decorations.

Instead of putting up, in big letters, the names of the competitors on the score-board, as is the general custom, they merely indicate them with numbers. So that unless you have a programme to refer to, or a friend at hand who knows everything, you remain in ignorance as to who the people on either side of the net are.

As my suggestion of forming an A.E.I.O.U. (All-England Institute of Umpires) has not yet been adopted, tournament managers have to rely very largely on voluntary assistance for this high office. There is generally very little difficulty in procuring men to take it on; but women are rather inclined to shirk the responsibility.

At Brighton there was such a lack of feminine response to the appeal for umpires that feeling rose quite high about it. The old question of the equality of the sexes was trotted out for an airing. Women had shrieked for equal rights as citizens, it was declared, and had got them. They served on juries in courts of law; they should now serve as judges in courts of lawn-tennis. I should like to have seen Burrow, the referee, mounted on the lofty rostrum of an umpire's chair, haranguing the women competitors on their failure to think umpirially. "We are all proud," he might have said, "of the British Umpire—that Umpire who rules o'er every set. The old Umpire must never die out, but will, if the younger generation of to-day are not roused from their lethargy. Sons of the Umpire, I know you are not slow to realise your duties; I call now upon you daughters to lend a hand in this great Umpirial cause!"

I see an additional and amended honours list published in the official organ of the L.T.A. There is no room here for another sale-of-honours scandal. Awards are given on merit alone, and the list is as "absolutely pure" as Lizzie Lazenby's pickles. Suzanne has been smothered with badges; and for the benefit of those who don't know much about these decorations I will explain if they will look at my little caricature of her. The names of the badges, reading from l. to r., are: (top row) four gold; (middle row) four silver; (bottom row) two green.

Campbell, I notice, has D.C. after his name, which stands either for distinguished conduct or Davis Cup—I must leave that to my readers. But this idea might be extended. For instance, the winner of the World's Championship on brickdust at Brussels in May ought to be entitled to put H.C. after his name, to show that he is hard-court champion.

And the successful finalist on the Sussex County Cricket Ground could proudly call himself a G.C.B.—Grass Courts, Brighton.

There are endless possibilities. Every tournament might have its own orders and decorations, and, even if there might be some slight confusion with existing orders of chivalry, it would at least add a zest to the study of "Who's Who."





The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

The Literature of Sport. The longer I live—which is a euphemism, of course, for the older I get—the more I am drawn to books about sport in the open air. I find myself reading volumes on the Turf with the keenest relish—yet



AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT GYMKHANA: THE EARL OF ERNE AND HIS SISTER, THE HON. MARY KATHLEEN CRICHTON.

The Beaufort Hunt Gymkhana took place at Badminton, the seat of the Duke of Beaufort, who was present with other members of his family. The Earl of Erne is only fifteen, and succeeded to the title in 1914. His sister, Lady Mary Crichton, is two years older, and was recently raised to the rank of an Earl's daughter. Their father, Viscount Crichton, was killed in the war.—[Photograph by C.N.]

nobody living knows less about the Turf, and all that that implies, than myself.

Have we in these days a "sporting novelist"? There used to be quite a number of them when I took no interest in such writings—Hawley Smart is a name that comes back. I have never read a line by Hawley Smart, and I fear, for all my new-found enthusiasm, I should find his works rather tiresome. Nat Gould is another sporting novelist, I believe.

I did, in my extreme youth, read a novel which contained a thrilling description of the Melbourne Cup. Rolf Boldrewood was the author, and the story was called, "Robbery Under Arms." But this was not so much a sporting novel as the recital of the dare-devil adventures of a notorious bush-ranger—whose name eludes me.

There ought to be more of these books about the open air. They are clean, refreshing, and invigorating. At least, they should be. We don't want lurid scenes of passion in them. You can get those anywhere. But we do want to be taken on to the Downs, to listen to the jargon of the paddock, to laugh at the bookmakers when they lose, and to rejoice with the penniless gentleman-jockey who rides a clean race and pockets a handsome prize. If the author cares to throw in a girl with eyes shining with unshed tears, well, that's all right.

Why Not a Golfing Novel? Has anybody written a golfing novel? If so, I should like to hear about it. There ought to be any amount of material

for a novel in golf. The atmosphere of a good club-house is always jolly, and nothing could be more refreshing than the scene at the ninth hole, on some downs overlooking the sea, the sun shining as it used to shine, and the little white ball trickling neatly into the hole from a twenty-two putt.

It ought to be all golf. It would bore the non-golfer extremely—in fact, no non-golfer would touch the foolish thing. But who is a non-golfer? Only the bed-ridden, and even those unfortunate people are more likely to be interested in fresh-air books than in stuffy boudoir erotics.

As for sentiment, you could have any amount of it. You can't very well flirt at tennis, unless you are searching for a lost ball in the shrubbery; but golf—! No caddies, of course. Caddies are all very well in a stern match, but quite out of place on an ambling round when you have the links to yourselves and want to take your time.

If the thought of eighty thousand unwritten words were not so appalling, I would write a golf novel myself.

"A Cricketer's Log." In the meantime, I have been reading with very great pleasure a book called "A Cricketer's Log," by my old friend, G. L. Jessop. Jessop and I have a standing joke, which he cracks whenever we meet—far too seldom in these days. It is that I am supposed to know nothing whatever about the national game. I remember once routing him out of the pavilion at Lord's during an Australian Test Match.

"Hullo!" he cried. "What in the world are you doing here?"

"Oh, I just happened to be passing. Who are you playing?"

"America," said Jessop gravely.

This great cricketer need have no fear that he is forgotten. I was present at a county match the other day when a certain famous batsman was at last bowled after a very long innings in which, to the disgust of the crowd, he had made something under twenty runs. As he walked towards the pavilion, ironical cheers rending the air, a man with a stentorian voice yelled, "Good old Jessop!" The roar of laughter that went up was not merely at the expense of the batsman. It was a loving tribute to a cricketer who had given intense pleasure to many of those present, and whose name and reputation were familiar even to the youngsters who had never seen him play.

The Young Jessop.

There is nothing of the snob about Jessop. He was not one of those lucky youths who have a first-class professional to bowl to them as soon as they can toddle across the nursery. His father was a country doctor with a huge family; and when young Jessop was asked to play in a match, he had to walk to the ground and walk home again, whatever the distance:

"Swindon was about three good miles from my house, and I used to cover that distance two or three times a week on foot. Motor-buses were non-existent; it would have been just the same if they had been, for coin of the realm was almost unobtainable from the head of the household in those days. Even though I had not the wherewithal to pay for a vehicle, no reasonable distance was too far away to discourage me from accepting an invitation to play. I once carried my bag to Colesborne to play against the village in 'Miser' Elwes's park—a distance of some eight miles, and most of it against the collar; and I would have repeated the journey the

next day if it had been necessary. I merely mention the incident to show how extraordinarily keen I was on the game as a boy.

A Modest Author.

This is a singularly modest book—almost too modest. When he is talking about great matches, one has difficulty to discover his own share in them. He may say, "Our partnership put on a hundred and fifty runs," but he does not tell you that he made a hundred of them. You have to go to Wisden for that; and not all of us have the volumes of this classic publication at hand.

About some of his boyish feats he is not so reticent, luckily—

"Some of the games savoured of shooting at a sitting rabbit. In one of these, against a team called St. Aubyns, from Lowestoft, I collected fifteen wickets for four runs, and performed the 'hat trick' three times. One fortnight in particular I remember as being productive of runs and wickets in profusion. It started with a 'not out' double century, and finished with another undefeated effort of one hundred and eighty-nine, and the bagging of the whole ten wickets of the opposing side. This last match was against the Norfolk County Asylum at Thorpe, and the authorities had roped in outside assistance from Norwich. Perhaps it was as well they did, for, with the exception of fourteen extras, one batsman alone scored, and he—Sergeant Cockburn, an old Cliftonian who was then quartered at Norwich—carried his bat for ten runs. Their best bowler was a man named Fiddy, a savage-looking individual with a close-cropped beard, who throughout my innings I had



WITH HER TWO SONS, JOHN (RIGHT) AND SIMON: LADY VICTOR WARRENDER.

Lady Victor Warrender was married to Sir Victor Warrender in 1920, and they have two sons—John Robert, who was born in 1921; and a baby boy, born recently, whom they decided to call Simon. The elder boy had the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles for two of his sponsors.

Photograph by C.N.

deemed to be one of the Asylum attendants, but who, I eventually found out, was a firmly attached resident of the institution—who had his days. Fortunately, this was not one of them—otherwise I doubt whether I should have been here to tell the tale."

[Continued overleaf.]

Helping Flight - of the Golf Ball.



Wing Com.
A. Whitelock.



Ft. Lt. A. Quinlan.



Squadron
leader
F. Cowtan.

Air Vice Marshal Vyvyan.

Ft. Lt. C. Musgrave.



Flying Officer P. J. Farmer.



Wing
Com.
P. H. L. Playfair.

GOLF ACES OF THE R.A.F.

The Royal Air Force Golf Championship Meeting took place last week at Sunningdale. On the first day (Monday, the 11th), there was an inter-team bogey competition, under handicaps, and over fifty players competed. The second day was devoted to a 36-hole eclectic competition against bogey, with subsidiary 18-hole competitions. The

36-hole event was won by Flight-Lieutenant Hayward (plus 1), who played remarkably well. He also won the 18-hole competition in the morning; while that in the afternoon was won by Flying Officer P. J. Farmer. The meeting continued on Wednesday, when Flight-Lieutenant Hayward retained the R.A.F. Championship.—[Photographs by S. and G.]

Continued.]

Behind the Scenes of Cricket.

One doubts, however, if we who look on really know very much. Take a match like Home Counties v. the Rest of England. You would suppose that all was as earnest and deadly serious as it looks. Every player a celebrity—huge gate—classic event—all that sort of thing. But Jessop lifts the curtain an inch—

"When it came to my turn to bat I had got comfortably into the thirties just before the tea interval, when I ran out to a ball from D. L. A. Jephson, missed it, and, though yards up the pitch, I made a frantic dash back. I must have been too late by about a couple of feet, and prepared to vacate the crease; but the voice of old Bob Thoms squeaking 'Not out—not out,' brought me to a sudden stop. As old Bob re-affixed the bails with that close regard for accuracy which ever marked such actions of his, he muttered, 'Sixpenny crowd—Saturday gate—can't disappoint 'em—near thing—near thing—but—not near enough for the occasion.'"

Which reminds me of a story I read somewhere of a very famous cricketer who went to Twickenham to take part in a local match. At the first ball he was caught at the wicket and given out, but refused to budge.

"Well, Tom," said a friend on the other side, "ain't you going out?"

"Not likely—not at Twickenham," was the answer.

A Book to Buy and Keep.

The worst of a book like this is that one wants to quote it all. Any page is what we call in the jargon of journalism "quotable." There are numberless good stories of "W. G.," and Sam Woods, and "Ranji," and Charles Fry, and all the heroes of the past.

For myself, I was particularly delighted with a charming reference to F. H. B. Champain, whose name one seldom hears these days. I knew him at Oxford, where he eventually became captain of the 'Varsity team. But he did an even more notable thing than that. He joined the 'Varsity Volunteer Corps—a brave act, for the Corps was in a bad way and the subject of much mirth. It was distinctly bad form to belong to it. Champain took half-a-dozen other Blues with him into the Corps, when it suddenly trebled its numbers. The Prince of Wales, when at Magdalen, put the seal of glory on the Corps which, in my day, used to march down the High amid the ribald jeers of the "House" bloods in their lordly windows. A more gentle, charming, sweet-natured fellow than Champain never, I imagine, graced English cricket.

"In any season," says Jessop, "it taxed one's persuasive ability to the utmost to induce him to play on account of his extraordinary diffidence in his own prowess. . . . I would as soon watch Frank Champain score a hundred as I would any other English batsman save 'Ranji.'"

I advise you to write in at once for a copy of this book. It is just the thing for your

shelves. The photographs of famous cricketers in characteristic attitudes are alone worth ten times the money. I would like to suggest to some wealthy person interested in cricket and cricketers that he present a copy to all the schools in the United Kingdom and the Dominions.

Brilliant, stout-hearted little Jessop! Jolly



COMPETING IN THE "GENERAL POST" RACE AT BADMINTON GYMKHANA: LADY DIANA SOMERSET.

Lady Diana Somerset is the second daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, at whose seat the Badminton Horse and Pony Gymkhana took place. Lady Diana is a keen horsewoman, and hunts with her father's pack. She is here seen in the mounted "General Post" race, in which she obtained second prize.

Photograph by Basevi and Sandy.

good luck to you, old friend, wherever you go and whatever you do!

"The Vision of Desire."

I turn to a tale of gossip and feminine intrigue. It is a long tale, as tales go in these days, but has all the ingredients of popularity with those who like to read of rich people in difficulties with their love affairs, village scandals, rescues from drowning, and so forth.



AT THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S GLOUCESTERSHIRE SEAT: THE DUCHESS, THIRD FROM RIGHT, AT THE BADMINTON GYMKHANA.

From right to left in our photograph are—Miss Curzon, the Duchess of Beaufort, Baron de Tuyl (with dog), and (missing one) Mrs. M. J. Kingscote.—[Photograph by Basevi and Sandy.]

Ann, the heroine, suffers a great deal. Her heart is apt to contract suddenly, which would not be approved by the Faculty, who know very little, after all, about the capabilities of the feminine heart.

"Was she ever likely to forget—to forget that day when, for the first time, Eliot Coventry's grey, compelling eyes had met

and held her own? Since then she had touched heights and depths of happiness and despair which had changed her whole outlook on life. Love had come to her—and gone again; and only through sheer pluck and a pride that refused to break had she been able to face the fact and hide her hurt from the world at large."

I see that Miss Margaret Pedler, the authoress, has written a considerable number of books, so that her studies of human nature have doubtless been far-reaching and profound. But lady novelists are apt to forget that human nature includes the male as well as the female sex. Any old dummy with a male name will not do. Your men must be as true as your women.

There is a man in this story named Brett. And this is how he talks about Ann to Coventry:

"You never inquired into her past history, I suppose, when you engaged her brother as your agent?"

"Inwardly, Coventry anathematised the promise he had given Ann to keep their engagement secret for the present. It sealed his lips against the innuendo contained in Forrester's speech.

"I certainly did not," he responded frigidly. 'I was not engaging—her.'

"Brett appeared entirely unabashed.

"No. Or you might have found she couldn't show quite such a clean bill as her brother," he returned, smiling broadly."

They don't do it. Cads there are, and cads there will be, but they don't talk like that about women. And, if they did, the Coventrys would not listen. They would tell them to get out, and, if necessary, hoof them out. The young feminine reader is quite silly enough, at times, without getting such ideas about the way men talk into her pretty little head.

"Anne Against the World."

Another Anne, also in difficulties. I cannot tell you the number of heartrending things that happen in this book. But the scene in which one dear lady goes so far as to push another out of the window is too rare to be missed:

"Helen, without taking any notice of her, walked across the room, and threw up the large, low window.

"The murmur of the street came up, and with it a sharp wind that made Lily shiver.

"Helen, for the first time, looked at her.

"Cold?" she said, and smiled.

"Yes, it is cold."

"Never mind. It won't matter in a minute. . . ."

"I'm sorry, but I really must go. Lunch—"

"You won't need any lunch."

Quite right. She didn't. For who would after being pushed

out of the window, especially by another woman?

A Cricketer's Log. By G. L. Jessop. (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s. net.)

The Vision of Desire. By Margaret Pedler. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)

Anne Against the World. By M. Hamilton. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d. net.)

Oh 'Erb !!!



"Ow's yer noo lodger, Mrs. Tapps?"

"Oh, orl right. E's a vegetarian."

"Reely! What they call an 'erbaceous boarder!"

DRAWN BY JACK GORDGE.

I. The Sitter, the Artist, and the Result!



THE SITTER—LADY ZIA WERNHER, WITH HER CHILDREN, GEORGE AND GEORGINA.



THE ARTIST: MR. LEO KLIN SKETCHING LADY ZIA WERNHER.

On our opposite page we give the drawing of Lady Zia Wernher by M. Léo Klin, the well-known Russian artist. Here we show him at work with Lady Zia sitting for him. Both she and her younger sister,

Lady Medina, are very popular in Society, and they have made England their home for many years. Her father is the Grand Duke Michael Mihailovitch of Russia, grandson of the Emperor Nicholas I.

Photographs by Alfieri Picture Service.

II. The Sitter, the Artist, and the Result!



THE RESULT: LEO KLIN'S PORTRAIT OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL'S ELDER DAUGHTER.

On our opposite page we give a photograph of Lady Zia Wernher sitting to Mr. Leo Klin—this is the result. Lady Zia Wernher married in 1917 Major Harold Wernher, second son of the late Sir Julius Wernher. Before her marriage she was Countess Anastasia Torby, elder daughter

of the Grand Duke Michael Mihailovitch of Russia and Countess Torby. She was then raised to the title and precedence of an Earl's daughter. She has two children—George Michael Alexander, born in 1918, and Georgina, born in 1919.

FROM THE DRAWING BY LEO KLIN.

The Art of Domergue.



THE FRENCH CREATOR OF MISS MARIE LÖHR'S PART IN "THE RETURN": MME. MARTHE RÉGNIER.

Mme. Marthe Régnier is one of the greatest French actresses of the day. She got the first prize for Comedy at the Paris Conservatoire in 1899, and she made her first appearance on the stage at the Odéon Theatre in the same year; since when she has created many

rôles. She took the part of Colette Vandières in "Le Retour" at the Renaissance in 1920, which is now being given in London as "The Return," with Miss Marie Löhr as Colette. Mme. Martha Régnier has also appeared in the French version of "His House in Order."

FROM THE PAINTING BY GABRIEL DOMERGUE, EXHIBITED AT THE SALON.

The Art of Domergue.



THE INCARNATION OF YOUTH AND JOY: PARISYS.

Mlle. Parisys is a young French actress of great charm and vivacity. She has been appearing recently at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, in "La Môme," in which she plays the part of Léa, (*La Môme*), who belongs to a gang of burglars. Gabriel Domergue is a celebrated French artist whose work

is well known in this country, chiefly owing to the prominence given to it by our contemporary "Eve," and by Mr. C. B. Cochran, for some of whose productions (including "The Fun of the Fayre") Domergue designed part of the scenery and costumes.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GABRIEL DOMERGUE, EXHIBITED AT THE SALON.

Daughter of a Murdered Grand Duke.



FORMERLY PRINCESS NINA OF RUSSIA : PRINCESS PAUL CHAVCHAVADZE.

Princess Nina of Russia is the daughter of the Grand Duke George Mihailovitch, who was shot at Petrograd by the Bolshevists in 1919, and of the Grand Duchess George, a daughter of the late King George of Greece. Princess Nina married Prince Paul Chavchavadze,

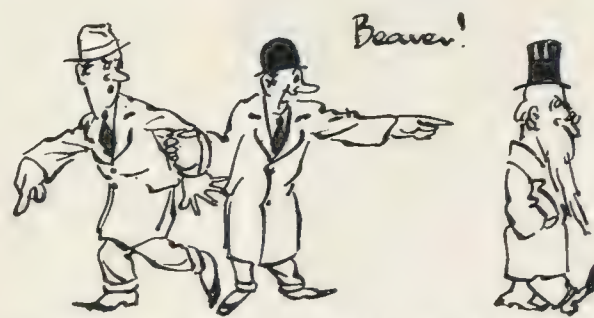
elder son of Prince and Princess Troubetzkoy, at the Russian Church in Buckingham Palace Road, on September 3. The above portrait, by Miss Margaret Lindsay Williams, was presented to Prince Paul Chavchavadze by the artist as a wedding present.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MARGARET LINDSAY WILLIAMS.

The Rules of Beaver as Arranged by D'Egville.



Each player, on sighting a Beaver, should call out "Beaver," and count 1 point.



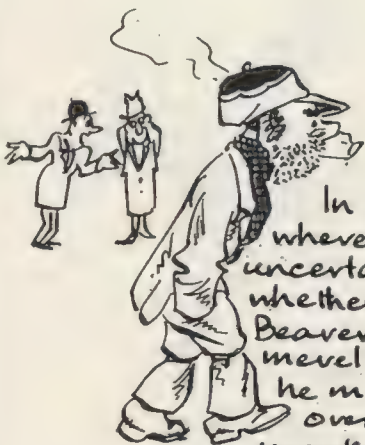
A player may huff another for not seeing a Beaver, & counts 4.



A Beaver who seeks concealment in his over-coat may be called, the player calling him to count 3.



Beavering of Foreign Visitors does not count.



In cases where there is uncertainty as to whether a person is Beavering or merely unshaven, he must be passed over, but marked down for a future 'chukka'.



Calling Beaver during a Golf stroke is forbidden.



Actors may be Beavered, unless it is stated on the program that the beard is fake.



A player who calls Beaver, & finds he has made a mistake forfeits 2 points



MAKE-UP OF ALL KINDS
HIGBINE & CO.



D'Egville



Following Through at Golf.

By R. Endersby Howard.



A Changed Player.

I receive a good many interesting letters on the subject of these articles, and one that came to hand recently would have been given attention earlier but for the pressure of immediate topics. It concerns a discussion on this page of the altered methods adopted by the Hon. Michael Scott—that very accomplished player who has just added the West of England Championship to his other honours, which include the winning of the Australian and French Championships, and the gaining of first place among the amateurs on two occasions in the World's Open Championship. At the time, it was pointed out that this season Mr. Scott had curtailed his follow-through considerably when driving; that he had found he could obtain greater distance by *hitting* at the ball rather than *swinging* at it, and that the only way to secure to the full the effect of a *hit* was to check the club-head after the impact.

Muddling the Beginner?

From this premise, my correspondent—a major who hesitates to thrust his name before the public—advances some points which strike a note of originality and contain much logic. "Follow through" is one of the cardinal principles of golf. Every beginner is told to observe it. The player of long standing who does not do so is set down either as a law unto himself if he happens to be good at the game, or as an example of wrong methods if he happens to be bad at it. "I think," says the writer of the letter which lies before me, "that the expression 'follow through' has muddled very many beginners—and more advanced exponents of golf, too. What does it really mean? Personally, I have never heard a concise definition."

Wasted Energy. Then he goes on to make a point which unquestionably has a great deal of truth in it. "Many supple youths," he says, "who finish the swing with their clubs round their necks do not follow through at all, which every long-driver does, whether his method is hit or swing." What he means is that these full-finishers expend most of their force somewhere over their shoulders or heads, instead of at the instant of impact; that often, in concentrating their attention on the importance of the follow-through, they actually cause the club-head to slow down

as they near the ball, and only accelerate it after the ball has been struck. This naturally produces a very flourishing follow-through, but, obviously, it does not secure distance or even promote accuracy. And yet there are thousands of examples of it on the links, especially among new players, who, obsessed partly by a fear that they may miss the ball, and partly by a determination to go through with the shot, speed up the club-head only when they have made sure of striking the object.

"Maintain Contact."

My correspondent says that we ought to abandon the well-worn aphorism: "Follow through"—which, he maintains, is worse than useless because it is misleading—and substitute for it the phrase: "Maintain contact." What he desires to see introduced is a concise statement of a principle which will impress upon the player that the first necessity is to have the club swinging at such a speed when it comes to the ball that—for a fraction of a second, anyhow—it

was made. Experiments on many occasions have proved this point up to the hilt; the patch is nearly always about the size of a shilling. It is clear that the ball must flatten on the club-face to the extent of nearly an inch diameter from the force of the blow, for if it did not thus flatten, the mark on the club-face would be infinitesimal. It would be very small indeed after a light knock which failed to depress the surface of the ball. When the latter leaves the club-face after a powerful blow, its elasticity at once restores it to its proper shape; but whether, as a result of this repercussion to its original roundness, it enables the club to keep pace with it for a brief but important instant is a question on which I have heard expert golfers and skilled scientists (with a knowledge of the game) argue long but fruitlessly.

Keeping Pace.

Generally, the golfers think that some such maintenance of contact does occur, and the scientists declare that it cannot. For the purpose of the question which we set out to discuss, it does not matter particularly which party is correct. Whether the thing is possible or impossible, the correspondent is very likely correct who writes suggesting that "Maintain contact" is the best way of indicating to the golfer what to do as he strikes the ball. At any rate, a player with a little imagination can soon make himself understand what it

means: that he must have the club-head travelling so fast as he hits as to keep pace with the ball. It is not at all certain that he always comprehends the words, "Follow through," for the greatest supporters of that adage confess that the follow-through amounts to nothing unless the ball has been struck with the club-head travelling at its highest speed.

A Relic.

There cannot be the slightest doubt that, during recent years, the tendency among first-class players has been to shorten the whole swing—the up-swing in a slight degree, and the follow-through in a more pronounced measure. That is the natural result of the obsolescence

of the old faith in driving by means of a sweeping movement of the club, and the introduction of hit into the swing. It is an obvious truth that it does not matter how soon the player stops the club after striking the ball—for he has nothing else to strike—so long as he does not check it before. I fear that, much as we may regret it, our dear old proverb, "Follow through," is steadily becoming a relic.



GOLFING AT NORTH BERWICK: LADY MILDRED FITZGERALD AND COLONEL INNES.

Photograph by Ian Smith.

will as nearly as possible keep pace with the ball after striking it. That is what he means by "Maintain contact." He remarks—with perfect truth—that many a golfer who has a full swing and follow-through merely gives the ball a knock instead of a powerful blow, because it is only after this knock that he invests the swing with speed.

The Ball as Evidence.

Whether it is a scientific possibility to maintain contact between the club and the ball in the initial stage of the ball's forward movement I do not know. My correspondent evidently considers that this indeed does happen if the player has the club-head travelling at full pace at the impact. He says that if you hit a ball of which the paint is wet, you will find a large patch of paint on the club-face at the spot where the contact



GOLFING AT NORTH BERWICK: MISS TOLLE-MACHE AND MRS. CHARLES HAMBRO.

Photograph by Ian Smith.

Take a cup before retiring
— it promotes healthy,
refreshing sleep

'Allenburys' The DIET

The 'Allenburys' Diet is made from enriched full cream milk and wheat, both of which are peptonised during manufacture. Entirely distinct from the 'Allenburys' Foods for Infants, the Diet is not intended for babies, but finds its chief application as a light supper diet for adults. The Diet is in the form of a creamy powder and boiling water only is needed to prepare it. Owing to the care with which the ingredients are selected and the exactness with which the preliminary digestion is always carried to the same stage, it is uniform in composition and easily assimilated. Taken before retiring 'Allenburys' Diet is very helpful in promoting placid sleep. Indeed, so successful is it in this respect that we have been asked by medical men whether it contains opiates of any kind. Of course it does not, being made from pure natural products only, but the question is splendid testimony to the value of the preparation.

Your chemist stocks it.

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by the Medical
and Nursing
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SCOTCH WHISKY

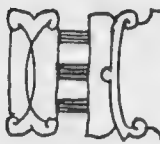


THERE IS **NOTHING OF FINER QUALITY** NOR OF **SUCH GOOD VALUE**

as

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OBTAINABLE.

The Largest Stocks of fine old matured Scotch Malt Whiskies are held by Messrs. James Buchanan and Co. Ltd. and Associated Companies. This enables them to maintain a Blend of the highest standard of quality both at Home and Abroad.



Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.



Reliable Air-Travel Engines.

Though people have not taken to air travel quite as quickly as they craved to go for a ride in the early motor-carriage, yet the machines have been as regular and reliable as the proverbial mail train. A notable instance of this is that one of the Napier-engined D.H. 34's in the service of the Daimler Airways has just completed in four months over 80,000 miles. Now it would

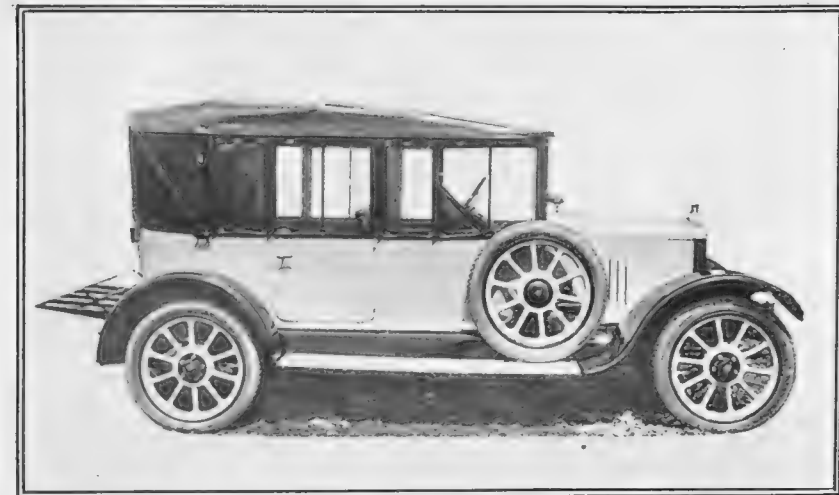
R.A.C. has just successfully defended a motorist brought before the Wimbledon magistrates because the driver did his best to please the police and keep his front number-plate clean. For some time past the Metropolitan and other police have been summoning motorists for not keeping the number-plates on the cars they drive clean and free from mud in wet weather, and, moreover, getting them convicted and fined. In order to obviate the

difficulty of the number-plate getting dirty when hung on the front axle, this motorist had aluminium numbers and letters attached to a wire mesh frame and hung it in front of the radiator, which did not affect the cooling of the engine as a solid plate would have done. Result—summonsed because the indication marks were not on a solid plate, and those used on a wire mesh

of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, who organise the annual exhibition, is that prices may not be altered during the fair at Olympia and the White City, possibly everybody wants to encourage every other maker to show his hand so far as prices are concerned, so that, if necessary, a revision can be made before the event opens. Not that the two above examples are likely to do this, else I should not have given them. But I well remember one motor show not so many years ago when a certain firm of many years' standing did not themselves know what the prices were of the cars they staged on the opening day of the exhibition, and until the head had wandered round and seen what the opposition prices were, did not fix the tickets on his exhibits. Of course, such a proceeding is impossible to-day, as each exhibitor has to fix the prices of his wares before the catalogue is printed, and has to stick to these for at least three months afterwards, and maybe possibly longer.

Italian Grand Prix Races.

Bad weather rather spoiled the opening of the Italian racing track in the Royal Park a few miles outside Milan. It did not, however, stop the racing, and the invincible Fiats took all the prizes. Bordino, driving the 10-15-h.p. Fiat for the 1½-litre race, and the 15-20-h.p. Fiat for the 2-litre race, won both, with other Fiats taking all the place money in the smaller cars; the Bugatti, driven by de Viscaya, being third in the bigger car race. Sunbeams did not run, and the field was too small in number to be really interesting. Still, the tiny Fiats put up 84 miles an hour, which is quite remarkable, and good enough to satisfy the world of wheels that, if the bigger cars of the same make had been pressed, they could have possibly done nearer 100 miles an hour average. As, however, Bordino and Nazarro had the first two places as a certainty, they did not trouble, but toured fast enough to win comfortably from the lone Bugatti—the only other com-



WITH ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS: AN 11-H.P. STANDARD CAR FOR 1923.

The widespread popularity which the 11-h.p. Standard light cars have attained during recent years will assuredly be increased by the improvements which have been adopted for 1923, in conjunction with the considerable reduction in prices, which applies from Sept. 1 of this year. They are made by the Standard Motor Company, of Coventry.

take the motorist who uses his car in the ordinary way somewhere about eight years to cover this distance, yet this engine has stood up with striking dependability for this long distance travelled in a short period of time, proving how reliable the air-travel engine is to-day. Yet many will not venture aloft, notwithstanding the comfort of the journey and the large amount of time saved. Perhaps, as cars are now cheaper and use less fuel to the mile travelled, the car-way will be more popular than ever; but I do hope that folks will patronise air travel a bit more in the next twelve months than they have in the past, otherwise our lost supremacy in the air will cost us dear one fine day.

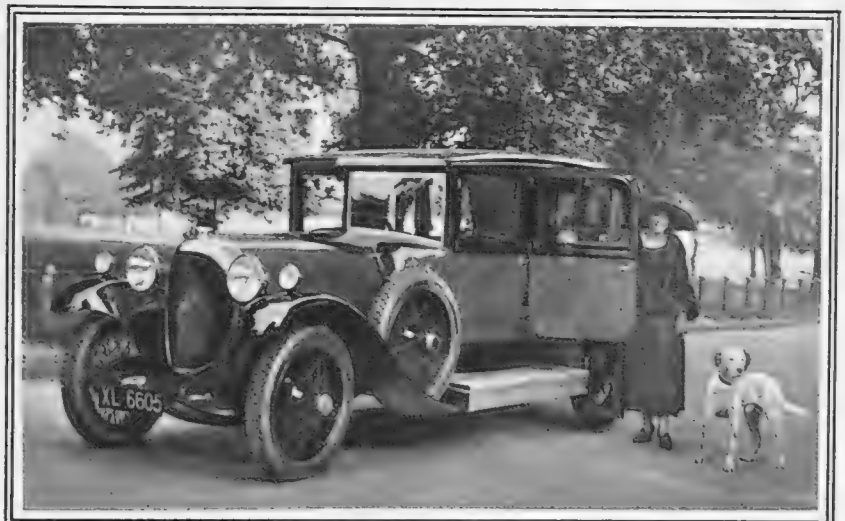
R.A.C. Certificates.

I should think the technical department of the Royal Automobile Club must have had a very busy season this year, as every week they send me a bunch of certificates they have issued on devices they have tried. Among the latest batch I notice that the Rapson tyre has at last, after several attempts, now proved it can stand up on all four wheels of a Rolls-Royce for more than 10,000 miles without trouble. If I were that Rolls-Royce I should hate Mr. Lionel Rapson, as he has pounded this car in all sorts of weather at touring (legal) speeds on the road and at a mile a minute round the track. But now that he has got certificates, let us hope these will satisfy him. Another certificate issued is for the C.T. carburetter, which, fitted on a Ford, gave 29.07 miles to the gallon. It is an extraordinary fact that for all R.A.C. trials of carburetters the makers seem to fit them on the "flivver." Is it because the fuel-consumption of this make has so much room for improvement on its usual running, or is it because it is an expensive capital outlay? By the way, the

did not comply with the regulations. Fortunately, the R.A.C. legal representative convinced the magistrates, who dismissed the summons because, in their view, the spirit of the regulations was not infringed. I hope this decision will settle the matter, and so let other people use this idea, which is quite a bright one.

Pre-Show Car Reductions.

With general unanimity the motor trade are sending out notices to inform the public that prices are being reduced before the Motor Show. Even the Napier 40-50-h.p. chassis is reduced to £1750 from Oct. 1, when the 1923 season is supposed to start; while among the smaller fry the 11-h.p. Standard is down to £450 for the complete all-weather four-seated car. Not that this overhead-valved Standard engine is so very small, as it is just under two litres—the fashionable size for medium-powered vehicles, judging by the international races there have been for two-litre cars this year. But, as one of the rules



OFF FOR A DRIVE: MISS DOROTHY DIX, HER DOG AND HER SPYKER CAR.

Miss Dorothy Dix, who is taking part in "The Broken Wing," now running at the Duke of York's, is the lucky owner of a Spyker car.

petitor left on the track. Perhaps we shall see one of these Fiats, or the Diatto that also competed, turn up at Brooklands one fine day, and then get a real show of what they can do.

Over There!

Another Sort of Resort.

But, of course, not every maritime retreat on the undulating outline of the British coasts is conducted on the solemn, the sumptuous lines of the Select Family



"EVERGREEN EVE" OF THE QUEEN'S HALL ROOF "CABARET FOLLIES": MISS FLORA LEA, IN HER PRACTICE DRESS.

Mr. Jack Hylton is presenting at the Queen's Hall Roof a miniature revue, "The Cabaret Follies," with six principals, and a beauty chorus of sixteen girls. Miss Flora Lea, a one-time Ziegfeld Folly girl, has made a great success with her song, "Evergreen Eve," in which she appears with Henry de Bray and a chorus of "Eves."

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

Resort. There is one variety, which you may possibly have encountered in the past season, that is not nearly so Family. But it is far, far more Select. No one is admitted to it without a previous examination in which candidates are required to qualify in such essential accomplishments as Spontaneous Bohemianism (with Odd Clothes as a special subject), Nature Study (wasps barred), and the elements of Morris Dancing.

Delectable and Secret.

Surely, yes, surely you know the sort of place. With creepers round the door. And two artists sketching splinters out of the oak-tree in the garden behind. There is a brooding air of privacy—one had almost called it furtiveness—about the whole expedition. First you are carefully scrutinised for a year or so by people whom you had innocently believed to be your friends. But they were really your judges all the time, estimating your geniality to a hair's-breadth, and trying hard to make up their judicial minds as to whether you were worthy to be admitted to the sacred initiates of—there! I almost said it. And it is a criminal offence, punishable with four years' exclusion from the Delectable Place,

to mention its name in conversation. Let alone in print.

Changing at Basingstoke.

But after that, when you have passed all the tests and satisfied all the examiners, you are told all about it by the Others, and you all arrange to go down together. Changing at Basingstoke (there's a clue for you!). And being met at the terminus, where the train peters out rather than stops, by the village Ford. Then your holiday begins in a delicious atmosphere of exclusiveness. You exchange passwords with the village postmistress. You ask searching questions about the remainder of the population. Whether the Buff-Orpingtons have got the Beach House again this year. And why the gate on the lower road has been painted green. And how the postman's sciatica is getting on. And so on. Just to show how very intimate, what an extremely old stager you feel.

Promiscuous Bathing.

And in the pleasant glow engendered by that feeling, you begin your holiday. It is made up of the usual elements—one sea, *item* one beach. But it has an easy, distinguished air that is all its own. The bathing is not so much mixed as promiscuous. Peeping Councillors would suffer agonies of protesting modesty if only they could see Us and the Buff-Orpingtons at about twelve noon on a sunny day. Indeed, Mrs. Orp's mother has Had to Speak to her once or twice about it herself. But that, you know, is what we are like. And that, among other things, constitutes the peculiar charm of—no, you don't!

Late Shaves and Odd Clothes.

Because we insist quite firmly on what the classical gentleman called *desipere in loco*. And this is the *locus*. We loaf. We wear old hats. We tend to shave rather later in the day than is worthy of our position as respected ratepayers and members of strictly honourable professions. And the

silhouette and the most remarkable conflicts of colours.

Sandals and Filleted Jumpers.

Of course, it comes quite natural to some of them. The family up the hill probably looks like that all the year round. Because the husband runs a Hand Printing Press, or a Peasant Industry, or something draughty like that. And she devotes most of the year to reviving the Merrie Countrie Life of supremely bored rural England, which stares discourteously at the maypole and wonders how long it will be before the circus comes round again. So they, you see, are quite naturally at home in a relaxed atmosphere of sandals and—how can I put it?—filleted jumpers.

Colours Bravely Mixed.

But not so the rest of us. We walk stiffly through eleven months of the year in the solemn costume of urban respectability. So our touch, when we break loose, is apt to be a little wild. We mix our colours on a brave and splendid palette. We cut our outlines with a free, an unhesitating hand. And yet look—yes, we do, and we are rather proud of it—extremely odd. The nasty people who drive over to lunch in charabancs frequently comment quite audibly on the fact.

Relaxing from Civilisation.

The Pirate King in shorts (who is normally to be seen in a morning coat proceeding gravely down the Bayswater Road with the *Times* in one hand and an umbrella in the other) is one of our most remarkable features. And so is the perfectly respectable ratepayer who insists on giving imitations of far from classical statuary for twenty-five minutes after each bathe. So each of us, in his own peculiar manner, relaxes after the long strain of civilisation. But more than the ease of it and the loaf of it we sun ourselves in the pleasant feeling of the exclusiveness of it. Our noses are perpetually turned up at the world which doesn't come, doesn't even know where we are. And heaven forbid that I



A NEW LONDON ENTERTAINMENT, "THE CABARET FOLLIES": SOME OF THE BEAUTY CHORUS PRACTISING.

"The Cabaret Follies" is a "twice-nightly" entertainment which Mr. Jack Buchanan is producing at the Queen's Hall Roof. There are six principals—The Trix Sisters, Tim O'Connor, Henry de Bray, Flora Lea, and May Vivian, and a beauty chorus, some of whom are shown in our photograph at a practice dance. They appear in seven or eight changes of costume.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

queenly figures who generally gleam at the business end of our dinner-tables go quite odd. In clothes with the oddest

should help them—or even you—to find out the way. The new people up at the large house are quite bad enough.



The NESTLÉ

Permanent Hairwave

Isn't it Perfect?

Just look at this photograph. Aren't the hairwaves indescribably lovely? Curl for curl, wave for wave, the living image of naturally wavy hair; soft and silky to the touch—and the hair has benefited by the treatment, for it was permanently waved into permanent beauty by Nestlé's new process.

Nestlé's can make your hair equally resplendent with pretty waves in the short space of two hours. The inventors of the modern process, Nestlé's have devised special instruments whereby every type of hair, whatever its shade or texture, can be permanently waved with guaranteed certainty of perfect results.

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N. Finchley—Mrs. Norris, 79a, High St., N.
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Hull—Swallow & Barry, 24, George St.
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Margate—W. E. Shotton, Ltd., 21, Albert Terrace.
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P. 156

Happy Visions

PETER ROBINSON'S

New AUTUMN Models

Royal Worcester Kidfitting Corsets



Model 440. Hip Confiner in Orchid Coutil, elastic sections front and back, shorter in front than back, thus giving comfort in sitting and standing. Sizes 22 to 32 ins. **14/11**



Model 852. Smart Model for short full figure, in Broche, firmly boned, low bust, higher at back, 6 hose supporters. Sizes 22 to 36 ins. **42/-**



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Until the end of September we shall continue to sell our entire stock of Fur Coats, Wraps, Stoles, etc., at reduced Summer Prices. This applies to the new models that we have prepared for the forthcoming Winter Season, of which the garment illustrated is a typical example.

ORIGINAL MODEL FUR COAT (as sketch), worked from fully deeply-furred golden nutria skins with handsome belt at waist; lined wide satin striped crêpe-de-Chine to tone.

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The same model can be copied in seal dyed musquash, natural black musquash, or natural brown musquash.

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We have made a special study of School Outfits for Children and Young Ladies, and all orders are carried out by a well-equipped staff of assistants who have a thorough and practical knowledge of school requirements.

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The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees, and Double Teras in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.
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Miss Edna Best wearing her "L.B." Veilour.

Photo by Arbuthnot.

Model 716.

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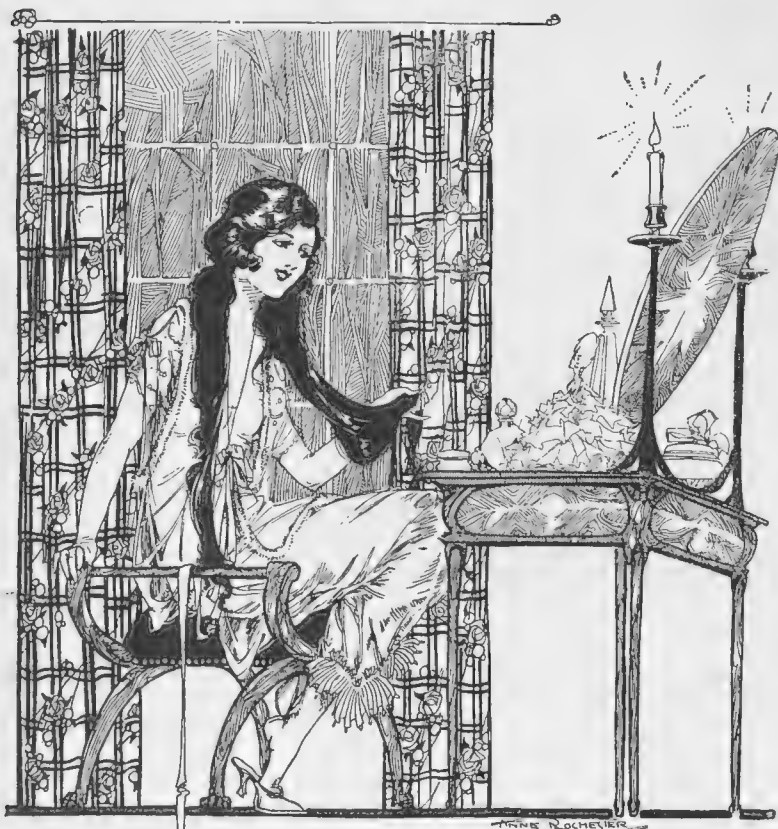
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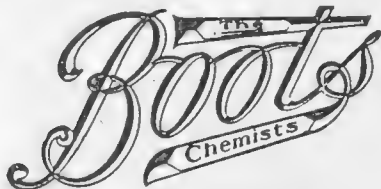
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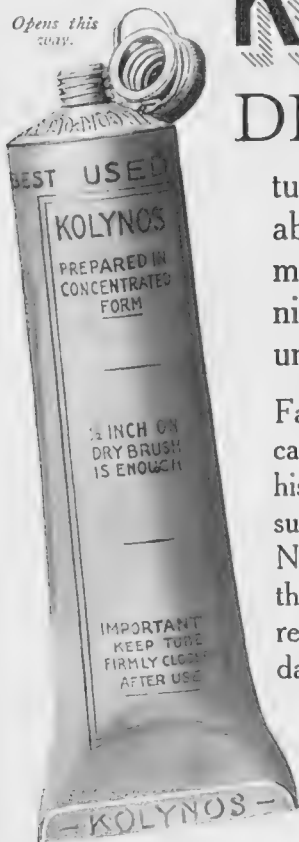


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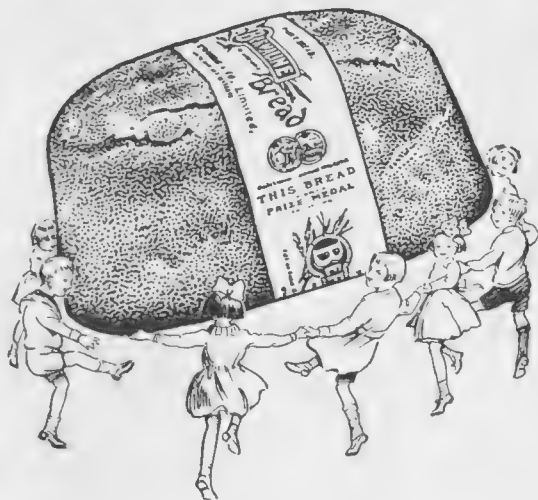
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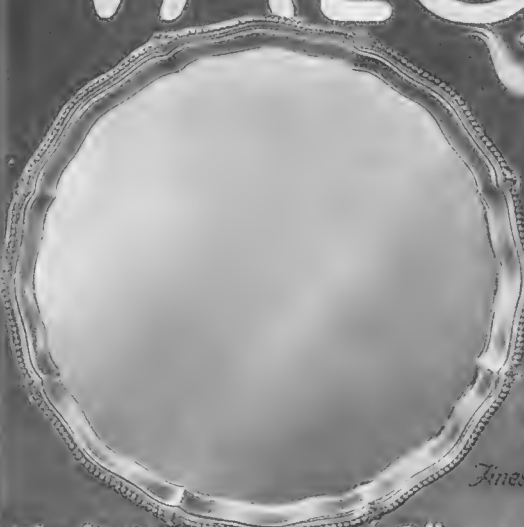


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Her charming frock, with its quaint, old-fashioned lines, is composed of tropical-weight Viyella.

Fashion on the Stage.

It is interesting to notice how prompt the stage is to record the latest edict of Fashion. The oracle of dress has hardly given forth the autumn decrees, and yet there is already a marked, if subtle, difference between the dresses worn across the footlights to-day, and those of two months ago. In "Double—or Quit!" the new farce at the Aldwych Theatre, every dress, except those worn in the pronounced "character" parts, shows the imprint of the autumn fashions, particularly with regard to the décolletages, which are comparatively high in every case.

Crêpe Marocain and Face-Cloth.

The black crêpe marocain frock worn by Miss Gina Graves in the first act expresses the latest idea of arranging the material across the hips. In the front it is drawn so tightly that it forms a horizontal crease, while at the sides it is gathered into folds. Cut on long, simple lines, the frock is almost uncompromising in its quietness; but an effective touch of colour is added in the shape of a scarlet rose posed on the left hip. Miss Pamela Cooper's sand-coloured crêpe marocain costume in the second act is also attractive. It consists of a straight-cut frock with a cape to match. The frock itself takes no notice of the waist (a habit prevalent among smart dresses this autumn), and the slight emphasis of line which fashion demands is supplied by the pressure of the metal belt. Miss Winifred Izard takes advantage of the occasion to wear a most fascinating black-and-white costume, composed of a long-skirted coat carried out in white face-cloth, with black skirt, cuffs, and fur collar, over a black dress with a white bodice.

New Fashions in Furs.

To the uninitiated, the scope of the furrier's art would seem to be circumscribed by the number of workable skins already in existence. On the face of it, the invention of a new pelt sounds an impossibility, yet, strangely enough, every year sees the production of some new fur; and this autumn will prove no exception to the rule. Llama fur has just made its début as a trimming for coats and dresses on which a rather light fur is required, and this soft, exceedingly long-haired skin promises to be much in evidence this season, as it is extremely effective when utilised as a fringe. The mention of fringes inevitably brings to mind the subject of monkey fur. Undoubtedly, the popularity of monkey fur has not yet reached its zenith, and this winter it will probably achieve more success than ever. A variation of the usual black pelt has appeared in the shape of natural monkey—a shorter, closer pelt in which the natural green-grey monkey shade is allowed to remain. It should be utilised sparingly, and be obtained only from the most reliable furriers, as natural monkey, if used in large quantities and not expertly dressed, has a rather unpleasant odour, which detracts considerably from its ornamental value! Putois—a mottled, greyish cat-fur—has suddenly become the last word in fashionable furs among the women of Paris. Indeed, it is so much in demand that the pelt

has become very scarce, and the price has risen accordingly to an almost fabulous figure. Putois, unlike skunk, sable, and other expensive furs, is not a particularly good investment, as the skin is of no intrinsic worth; but as a trimming on any dress it is certainly a criterion of the value of the garment.

A Superb Washing Fabric.

To say that the best, as far as fabrics are concerned, is also the most economical in the long run is to state a truth recognised by every wise woman. Cheap, badly made materials may fill the rôle for a while; but not only do they wear out easily, but they shrink, become discoloured and shabby even before they are worn out, and must therefore be discarded. To replace them, further expenditure is necessary, and more money is wasted than would have been needed to secure a really reliable fabric. Two years ago, the price of Viyella, that superb washing flannel, was 6s. 11d. a yard, and though this sum was quite considerable, even in those days of exorbitant prices, the perfect quality of the material warranted it. Steadily rising sales and the lowered cost of production have, however, enabled the manufacturers to reduce the price, and Viyella is now obtainable from all first-class drapers for 3s. 11d. a yard, though the quality of the material still maintains the same high standard. It might well be described as a

WOMAN'S WAYS *By* MABEL HOWARD

"versatile" material, as it is made in a wide range of weights and widths, so that it is equally suitable for tropical wear, for use in the coldest climates, and in every possible capacity, from underclothing to charming frocks and long coats, according to the illustrations on this page. The fact that it is extremely durable and will wash beautifully renders it excellent for the composition of children's clothes, or for any garment which will be subjected to hard wear.

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[Continued overleaf.]



A pretty winter coat with slink collar and cuffs imposed on a foundation of navy-blue Viyella.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Chiffon Velvet and Crêpe-de-Chine.

Now that autumn is drawing on, the demand for beautiful tea-gowns will naturally be on the increase. An afternoon spent in the surroundings of drawn curtains and a warm fire seems to require a loose, clinging gown to complete the harmony; and Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have evolved some new and delightful models for afternoon wear, two of which are illustrated on this page. There is something particularly attractive and graceful about the long lines of the Pamela gown on the right, and both colour and material have been carefully chosen to enhance that impression, for it is carried out in



Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have fashioned this pretty afternoon frock of smoke-grey crêpe-de-Chine.

a lovely shade of old-rose chiffon velvet, trimmed with an edging of dark fur round the U-shaped neck and the three-quarter-length sleeves. A wide belt of velvet terminates the bodice, and from thence the material falls in heavy folds to the foot of the long skirt, lengthening at the back into a short train. The Enid frock just above is expressed in smoke-grey crêpe-de-Chine, and a flower of the same material ornaments the beltless waist. The effect of a belt is cunningly contrived by allowing the bodice to be caught in at the waist and to hang in a short flounce, after the manner of a jumper. The skirt is full, and forms a loose wing on each side.

Sporting Wear for Winter.

Fair women, it is said, rule the world. This point is certainly open to controversy; and, whether it is true or not, the dark

woman has some advantages over her blonde sister—one of them being that she can look perfectly charming in the orange-and-white scarf-wrap and cap from Jaeger's, 126, Regent Street, sketched at the top of the page. It is too brilliant in its colour-scheme to be really becoming to a fair-haired girl. The wrap in question is a most delightful garment, consisting of a wide scarf of orange brushed wool transformed, by a long turn-over collar of orange-and-white stripes, into a serviceable wrap. Patch pockets appear on each side, and a tasselled fringe ornaments the ends of the scarf. The price is 36s. 6d., and the effect is completed by a woollen cap to match, decorated with a fascinating white pompon. A sequence of black, powder-blue, and white stripes makes the useful alpaca wool sports-coat on the right, knitted in an intricate curly stitch. A straight roll-collar is extended to form the revers, and the price of the garment is 83s. 6d. Nothing is more warm and comforting under a winter coat than a Jaeger cardigan composed of their soft camel-hair wool. Having neither collar nor bulky cuffs, it will slip unnoticed under a coat or wrap, without producing a tub-like effect, and affords a magnificent protection against cold. An ideal golfing attire for cold days consists of one of these camel-hair cardigans worn over a sports-skirt of the same material, and completed by a scarf to match.

Good News for Knitters.

The enthusiasm for knitting and crocheting which arose about a year ago shows no signs of abating, and with the darker evenings busy fingers may well grow busier than ever. It is interesting to know that Harrods, Knightsbridge, are offering £210 in prizes in a competition for the best knitted or crocheted garments made of wool or artificial silk, and the best examples of hand-made rugs. This rug-making is really a most fascinating occupation, and one that will intrigue even the men-folk. Striking and attractive results can be achieved, and these hand-made rugs are almost everlasting in wear. So popular does it promise to become that Harrods have found it necessary to start demonstrations and free lessons in their needlework department.

The Elixir of Youth.

In olden times the search for the Elixir of Life, which should make life eternal,



Orange-and-white brushed wool makes the scarf-wrap and cap on the left; while the sports-coat on the right is of black, powder-blue, and white striped alpaca wool. Sketched at Jaeger's, 126, Regent Street.



A lovely tea-gown of old-rose chiffon velvet, trimmed with dark fur, from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street.

was unrewarded; but it would really seem that Miss Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street, must have discovered the Elixir of Youth and incorporated it in her wonderful preparations, since she is able to wage such successful war on old age. The basis of her treatment is in every case cleansing and nourishing, and for these purposes she has many delightful preparations carefully made

up to suit different types of skin. Fragrant Venetian Cleansing Cream will clear away the dust which accumulates on the face and neck during the day, and works right down into the pores, so that it cannot be removed by soap and water. The clogging of the pores is responsible for the majority of ruined complexions; but once the skin has been scientifically cleaned, Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic can begin its beneficial work of toning up and invigorating the skin. This lotion is a mild astringent, and gently closes enlarged pores while checking the sagging tendency of a skin that has lost its first youth. Besides a variety of delightful face-powders made up to match every tone of complexion, Miss Arden has evolved a wonderful Venetian Lille Lotion, a medicinal liquid powder which gives a fascinating bloom to the face, neck, and arms, and will not easily rub off. Not only

is it a successful substitute for powder, but it also possesses aseptic and curative qualities, and will be found to improve the quality of the skin.



ASK yourself—is your corset really comfortable? On social occasions do you feel that you are looking your best? The subtleties of nature's making are far too fine to permit of interference and alteration by force. Nature must be led—gently but firmly—to exhibit the hidden lines, the gentle, willowy grace, lissomness of movement that are hers. Yet how many women realize the paramount importance of correct corsetry in bringing out unsuspected symmetry of form and line? GOSSARD Corsets are the result of a perfect understanding of the requirements of the woman of to-day—an appreciation of the modes of the hour—an embodiment of comfort and above all of service and practicability.

Beauty ~ the Birth-right of every Woman, must be persuaded, never coerced

If we are no longer so young that our lines properly edit themselves: if we go on taking things for granted, disillusion, when it comes, may find us unprepared and we are old before we know it. When you buy a corset, you want one that is anatomically correct in design and one that will make the best of your figure. GOSSARD artistry has made a twenty-year study of Type Corsetry—recognising as many types of beauty as there are types of women and producing models of unbelievable comfort and pliability. There's your own particular corset—with just the support you need at your age and weight. Your GOSSARD never coerces—it persuades.

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THE LIGHTS OF PARIS.

Theatres Again.

Paris is quickly refilling with true Parisians who, disregarding Fashion's bidding, do not feel inclined to renew on the Basque coast the experience they had on the Normandy littoral. Bad weather is bad enough at home; but wet weather on so-called holidays might drive you to despair. So, having to choose between Reason and Fashion, Parisiens and Parisiennes seem to have for once chosen Reason. It is true that the capital does its best to keep them within its walls. Theatres and circuses, music-halls and cabarets have thrown open their doors again, and try to capture their audiences by the lure of new attractions.

A Bijou Salle.

The little Théâtre des Mathurins, for instance, is going through a wonderful transformation. New lighting effects are adopted by which the audience, instead of being suddenly thrown into the crude glare of the chandeliers, will be bathed in soft light, at once harmonious and restful. The ceiling is of gold mosaic, and the walls are grey, while the seats of cherry-red provide the cheerful note. This little place is as dainty as a jewel-case. It is meant for a particularly smart audience of be-diamonded ladies and white-fronted gentlemen. After that, of what importance is the play produced? The *salle* affords the most interesting spectacle.

Feminine Caprice. In a modernised Odéon, M. Firmin Gémier has shown us an Homeric drama by Alfred Mortier. A helmeted beauty—Penthésilée—

fights Achilles. She is defeated and brought a captive to the Greek camp. Achilles loves her. She does not love him. She is terribly wounded in her warrior pride. Achilles releases her. She fights him again. She is victorious. She loves him. But, alas! a villain comes to tell her that Achilles was not really defeated. He simply let himself be defeated to please her. She cannot pocket such an outrageous affront, and prefers to die by taking poison.



OUR CHIEF DELEGATE AT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AT PLAY: LORD BALFOUR HAVING A GAME OF TENNIS.

During the tournament at the Tennis Club of Geneva, Lord Balfour, who is there as our Chief Delegate at the League of Nations, played a match with Mme. Vaussard (champion of France) against Mme. Golding (also a French champion) and M. J. d'Espine, a well-known member of the Geneva Club.

A German Play.

For his second production, M. Gémier travelled from old Greece to Germany. He gave us a German play—"Le Procureur Hallers"—adapted by MM. Henri de Gorsse and Louis Forest. The Procureur Hallers, who during the day is a most respectable gentleman, becomes at night a sort of Mr. Hyde. He dresses himself as an Apache, and spends his time in a low-down cabaret and organises burglaries. Nothing is missing of what you are expected to find in such a place. There is the elegant ruffian, the *escarpe*, the Apache dances, the disguised *policier*.

Duality.

Naturally, Hallers, who by his night companions is called "The Prince," escapes the detectives. He runs away to his own house followed by his fellow-burglars and the policemen. But when he arrives it is dawn, and his day personality appears. He discards cap and shabby coat for the correct frock-coat; and

[Continued overleaf.]

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Flotsam and Jetsam

SNOBS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

ALL artists agree on the axiom that the fostering of illusion is necessary in order to beautify or intensify the interest of life. Otherwise life would be disgustingly dull. But there exist the artistic illusion and the banal illusion; therefore it is well to maintain a rigid standard of values, and to distinguish between culture and vulgar stupidity.

One might have thought that the annihilation of snobbishness would be at least one of the fruits of the war; one might have been justified in regarding snobbishness as a relic treasured only by the chorus lady who has magically trapezed from the footlights to the Upper Circle—but it still exists in less exalted spheres. During 1920 this House was charging, on an average, about eighteen guineas for its lounge suits. This charge was quite legitimate, for cloth was then frightfully expensive, owing to the Government having cornered the wool market and making over £60,000,000 on its deal. The amusing fact, however, is that when Pope and Bradley were compelled to make these high charges for their productions, the criticism of the few unintelligent snobs was, "How wonderful! Terribly expensive, you know, but, of course, the best in the world."

Now, in 1922, the price of the best materials is fifty per cent. lower, and Pope and Bradley's minimum price for a lounge suit is nine guineas, which is about three guineas cheaper than the minimum of other exclusive West End tailors. And here lies the colossal psychological joke. The unintelligent snobs, obsessed by their method of regarding values by price, scratched their material pates until they almost penetrated the vacuum. "How moderate!" they said: "so modest that one wonders if they are the best."

It is an amazingly stupid world of false material values that we live in. And nowhere is the line of demarcation between culture and vulgar stupidity more sharply drawn than in the simple field of practical economics. To the snob, price is the sole criterion; value is nothing. Possessing no taste of his own, the snob must adopt some criterion, and his criterion is price. The average West End man is, however, a very shrewd judge of values, which is evidenced by the unique success of this House. Pope and Bradley maintain the highest standard, and, whether their price is ninety guineas or nine, they do not deviate from the principle of producing the best that money can buy, irrespective of cost. And, incidentally, their profits are much more modest than their advertisements. Lounge suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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Continued.

the patibulary face changes into the regular visage of a magistrate. So that when the police arrive they can find no trace of "The Prince." Somehow the mystery is revealed. But all's well that ends well; a doctor cures the Procureur Hallers of his terrible malady. M. Gémier is an astonishing Hallers. The precision of the expression, the mobility of his features are remarkable.

Naughty Helen. The war of Troy and the story of Hélène and Ménélas is for dramatic authors since Euripides an inexhaustible mine. In the last fifty years it has furnished many plays. The latest of the series is by M. Nozière, and is called "Le Retour d'Hélène." Hélène, as young and beautiful as ever, comes back to her home tired of adventures and *enlèvements*. She wants to live quietly with her husband and the *bel Acis*—the secretary of Ménélas. But fate is against her. In spite of her efforts, she cannot live *bourgeoisement*. There are all sorts of intrigues and little wars inside the palace. This witty comedy is very entertaining and well interpreted by the beautiful Madeleine Carlier (Hélène) and that good artist Abel Tarride (Ménélas), who has realised the perfect type of the ridiculed husband.

Greek Robes.

The spectators were, happily, not asked to dress like the actors—and actresses. I am afraid it might have been a painful sight. Such is not the opinion of M. Raymond Duncan, who runs a theatre of sorts. He apparently thinks as highly of his auditors' charms as of

his own. For he has decreed that all human beings attired in the barbaric clothes of modern civilisation will be refused the entrance of his sanctuary. Last year they were admitted in lounge-suits and tailor-mades. This year the peplum is obligatory for all ages and sexes. Should you dare to present yourself clad otherwise, you would be pitilessly thrown out into the street.

Raymond Duncan.

The unwary spectator is nevertheless given the chance of buying a length of linen, woven by the disciples of M. Duncan, in which he can drape himself for the occasion. A counter has been installed near the box-office for that purpose. But there was a time when no box-office existed at the temple of the Rue du Colisée. Anybody could walk in and have a cup of tea and enjoy a Greek spectacle free. That was according to the laws of ancient hospitality. M. Duncan, now that he enforces peplum-wearing on his visitors, seems at the same time to have put aside these laws of hospitality. An entrance-fee plus a peplum—I wonder how many spectators will go to see "Noë et son Arche," by Raymond Duncan; or "La Mort de Patrocle," by René Fauchois?

JEANNETTE.



A DUKE'S SON MARRIED: THE WEDDING OF CAPTAIN E. H. DE STACPOOLE AND MISS MILLICENT FRANCIS—THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The marriage of Captain E. H. de Stacpoole and Miss Millicent Lavender Francis, took place last week at the Brompton Oratory. The bridegroom is the son of the Duke and Duchess de Stacpoole, of Mount Hazel, Co. Galway. The title is of French and Papal origin. Captain W. S. Caulfield, M.C., acted as best man. There were no bridesmaids, but a nephew of the bridegroom, Master Hubert McMicking, carried the bride's train.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]



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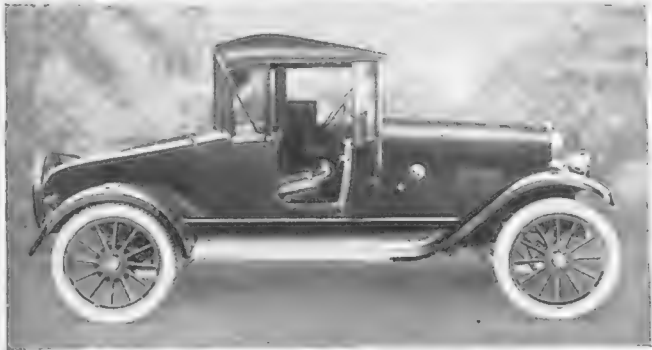
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S25

U.S. AND BRITISH GOLF: TWO TEMPERAMENTS.

BY R. ENDERSBY HOWARD.

Searching for Reasons.

A great many people have tried to explain one hard, cold, unsympathetic fact. They have tried to explain why it is that the United States has asserted supremacy complete over Britain at golf.

The Driving Question.

For the last two seasons we have lost the British Open Championship to representatives of America—Jock Hutchison (Chicago) and Walter Hagen (Detroit). Our picked amateurs have been defeated in two international team matches—one at Hoylake, Cheshire, and the other at Long Island, New York. From the biggest effort that this country has ever made to capture the United States Amateur Championship our ten players have come empty away. Some reputable judges declare that it is because we are in the grip of an obsession to hit the ball tremendous distances, regardless of its direction; that the Americans steer a straighter course.

Severity in Approaching.

Others say that it is because the Americans hem in their putting greens so closely with bunkers and other difficulties that they are compelled to develop greater skill than we now possess in playing iron shots up to the pin. With an air of resignation, we admit that the Americans putt better than we do, although why this should be the case nobody seems to be sure.

Temperamental Attitude.

Perhaps the truth of the matter is that, at the moment, the United States golfers are superior to us in a certain small but definite degree in every department of the game. Watching the leading players of Britain and America this season, it has been borne in upon my mind that the difference

is not so much in the actual golfing abilities of the two parties as in the temperamental attitudes in which they prepare for their shots.

The Calm Back Swing.

As it appears to me, the difference is that, whereas the Americans spend that fraction of a second longer over the shot which means the contrast between hitting it methodically and hitting it recklessly, our players are possessed of an irresistible desire to be "up and at it." The clearly set-out token of this distinction is to be found, I think, in the pace of the back swing.

Control.

The Americans do not spend any longer than we do in preparing for their shots. But watch their great players—Mr. Bobbie Jones, Mr. Frances Ouimet, Mr. Chick Evans, Mr. Jesse Guilford, Walter Hagen, Jock Hutchison, James Barnes, and, so far as I have heard, Mr. Jesse Sweetser, their new amateur champion, whom I have not yet seen—and you will observe that they all take the club back with that controlled, measured rhythm which makes for trueness of swing and shot. In Britain you will see a preponderance, especially among first-class players, of quick, anxious wagging, fast up-swinging—and loss of control. It may be a symptom of the different nerve-strains to which the two peoples have been subjected during the past eight years. It may be that we do not now observe an ancient adage which we have taught America—"Slow back."



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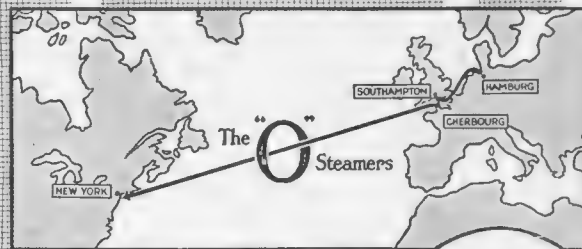
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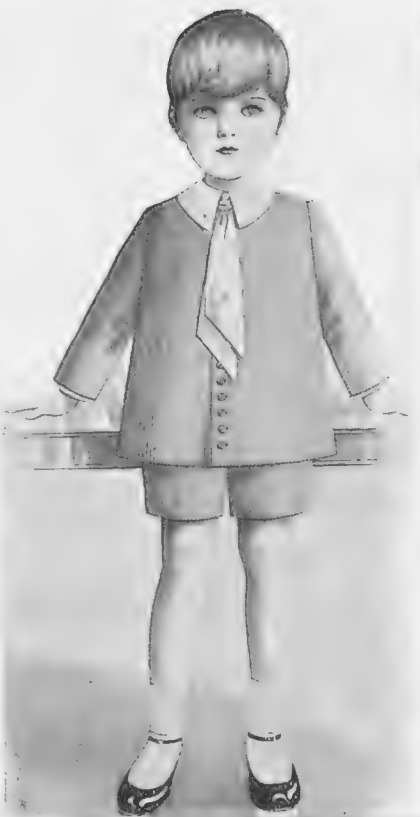
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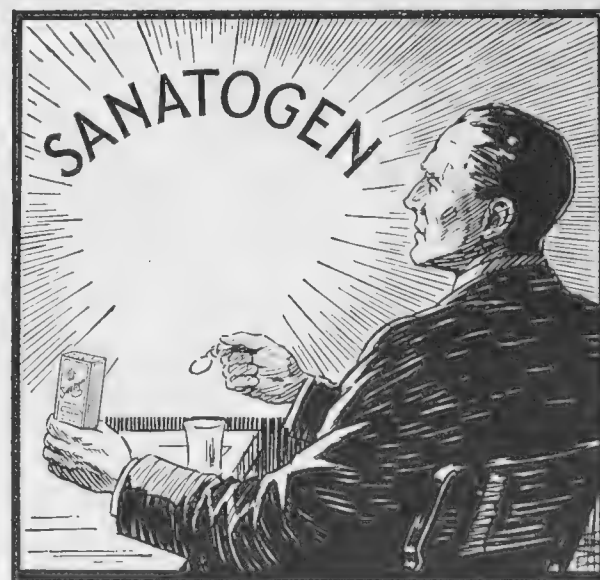
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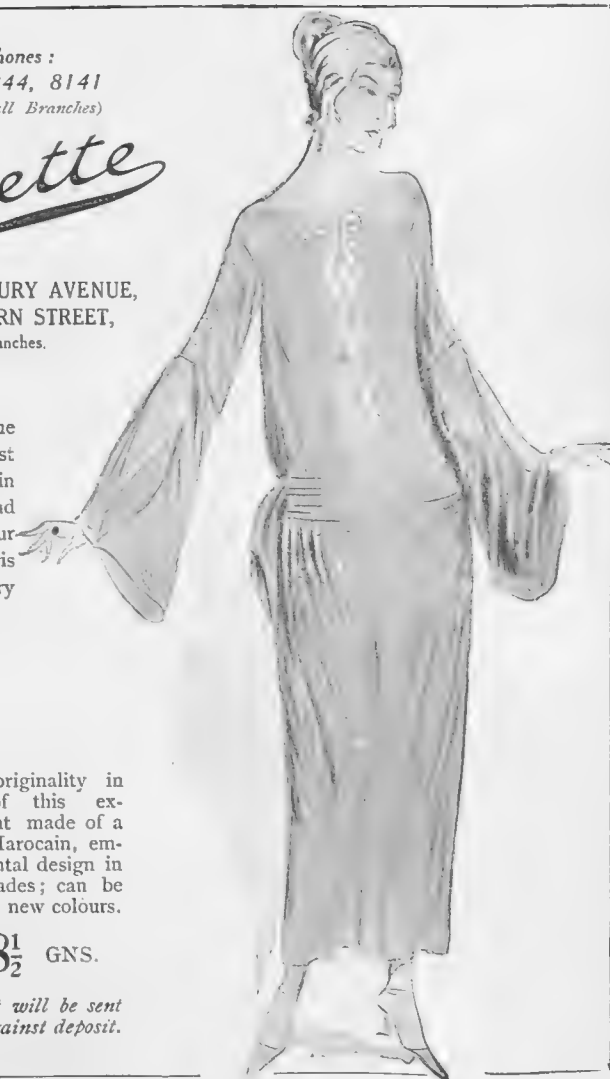
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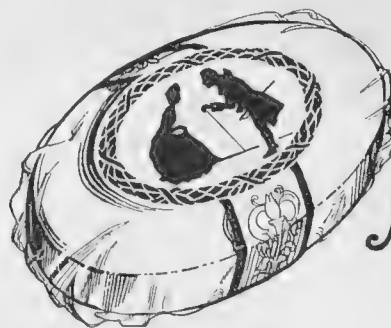


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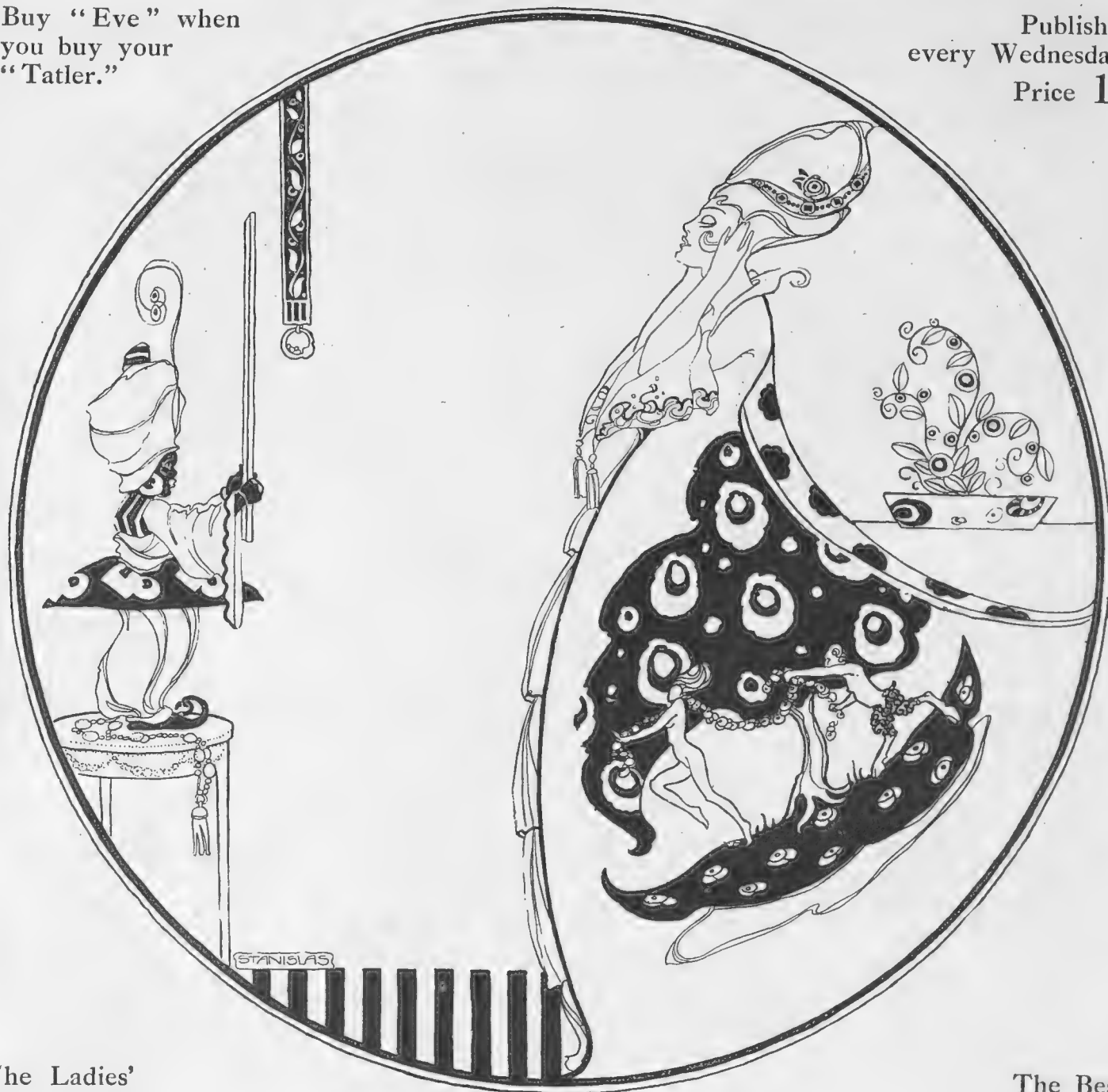


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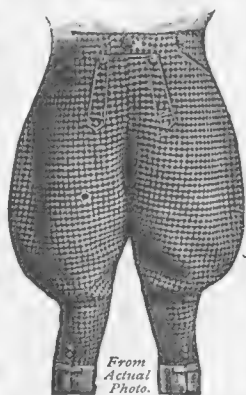
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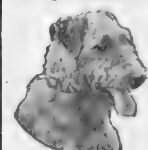
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From 10 Gns. PUPS 5 Gns.
WORMLEY HILL,
30 mins. from Liverpool St. **BROXBORNE, HERTS**





One Speaks of Pearls

in a general way; one admires those that the best-dressed women wear; one longs to possess such pearls oneself. But nine times out of ten the pearls one sees and talks of and wants are not real pearls at all, though they look exactly like them. They are

Ciro Pearls

Ciro Pearls are real pearls in everything but origin and name. A secret scientific process gives them exactly the same subtle iridescence, the same lustre, colouring, texture, shape and weight, and those same indefinable qualities that ensure long life, as the deep-sea pearl possesses.

They are the one reproduction that does not look like a reproduction. There is indeed only a single difference between them and the genuine pearls—their price. This is too reasonable to strain anyone's resources.

Every claim made by CIRO PEARLS can be amply substantiated by your visiting our showrooms. There your own eyes will convince you, but if that is not possible, we suggest that you avail yourself of

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a Necklet of *Ciro Pearls*, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other *Ciro Pearl Jewel* in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial

pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. *Ciro Pearl Necklets* may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 5 post free on application.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.

39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 5

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor, over Lloyds Bank. Near Piccadilly.



Think of the return to town

and protect your skin against exposure to sun and wind. Joyously revelling in the many delights the river has offered, doubtless you've given scant attention to your complexion. In a dainty river frock and a setting of quiet backwater or reach, freckles and sunburn may not be noticeably unattractive, but in town, amid more prosaic surroundings and wearing more formal attire, they become an absolute disfigurement.

If you have protected your skin throughout the summer with Venetian Lille Lotion or Amoretta Cream it will still be fair, soft and fine of texture. But, if sun and wind have left unpleasant souvenirs, the sooner you get rid of them the more easily will you escape permanent ill effects, for sunburn toughens the skin and makes it coarse and wrinkled.

Elizabeth Arden's special Masque treatment for the removal of sunburn not only whitens the skin but rejuvenates it, refines the pores and leaves the complexion youthfully radiant. You may be treated specially at the Salon, but for the convenience of those unable to call and to satisfy the extensive demand it has been prepared for use in your own boudoir. Its application is as simple as its effects are beneficial. In pots of varying sizes—35/-, 20/-, 10/6 and 5/6.

Venetian Special Bleach Cream

An excellent bleach for removing freckles, liver spots, collar marks and other skin discolorations. 6/6

Venetian Bleachine Cream

A mild bleach, delightful for the hands. 5/6

Amoretta Cream

A fragrant vanishing cream which protects the skin from wind and weather. Prevents sunburn and freckles and leaves the complexion velvety, soft and rose-like to stand the test of an evening frock at the close of day. 4/6, 8/6.

Lille Lotion

Specially prepared as a protection for a greasy skin—imparts an exquisite flower-like finish, and is equally suitable for daytime or evening use. 6/6, 10/6.

THE IDEAL CLEANSING COMBINATION

After a day in the open air soap and water are most injurious to the skin. Use instead Venetian Cleansing Cream and Ardena Skin Tonic.

Venetian Cleansing Cream

is a perfect skin cleanser. It liquefies quickly and takes every particle of dust and foreign matter out of the pores. It is soft and soothing, supplying natural oil to the skin, and should be used whenever cleansing. 4/6, 8/8, 12/8.

Ardena Skin Tonic

A mild astringent and stimulating tonic for the skin. Used in conjunction with the Cleansing Cream, it whitens and refines the skin, leaving it clear, fresh and radiant. 3/6, 8/8, 16/6.

Call and consult Elizabeth Arden at the Salon, or write for "The Quest of the Beautiful," a booklet describing all the Venetian Preparations and Home Treatment for the Skin.

Telephone - Regent 5565.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

25-F OLD BOND ST. LONDON, W.

NEW YORK 673 FIFTH AVENUE PARIS. 255 RUE ST. HONORE



Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap

Fills the hand basin with its delightful fragrance.

Of exquisite purity, it refines the skin and keeps the complexion youthful.

Price 3/6 per box of 3 large tablets.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores, and from:

YARDLEY & CO., Ltd. 8, New Bond St., London, W.

by Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

REDUCE YOUR HANDICAP!

Wear SCOT GOLF SHOES
"Always Grip—Never Slip"

You will reduce your handicap, gain more self-confidence, secure a dead-steady stance and thus improve your whole play if your next shoes are SCOT. There's a reason. It is a shoe with a patent non-slip, noiseless, comfortable heel and a scientifically nailed sole. It has been worn and tested and pronounced "most excellent in every way" by the world-famous J. H. Taylor.

Miss Cecil Leitch has said "nails put in singly and not in clusters are best"—that's why the SCOT tread is better than any on the market. If you golf at all, you will eventually buy the SCOT Golf Shoe—why not to-day?

The Scot Shoe House

(A. Duncan & Co., Ltd.)

21, MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE.



The Model illustrated is the most "dressy" in the whole SCOT range, and yet sacrifices none of its utility. Cut from the very finest Suede Calf Leather in the fashionable Full Brogue Style for Ladies' Wear. Colours: Nigger or Grey.

Post 45/- Free.

With slashed tongue—2/6 extra.

Write for descriptive list of Golf Shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen to Dept. B/4. Single Shoes may be had on approval.

THE BADMINTON GYMKHANA.

GR^{EAT} luck with the weather for the Badminton Gymkhana, which has now become an annual event, and took place on September 10. The Duke of Beaufort, accompanied by his beloved Johnny (who did *not* compete in the dog race, but watched it with much dignity) viewed the proceedings from the famous Ford, in which he had given Major and Lady Agnes Poynter a lift through the park. Lord Lansdowne subsequently sat with him for a long time, enjoying a neighbourly chat—*what* an advertisement for Henry, to have two such celebrities aboard one of his samples at once! Wonder if they've heard that pleasant little quip in "Phi-Phi"—"Oh, go and get your wool and knit yourself a Ford!"

Another onlooker who is, alas! tied to a car on such occasions was Lady Mary Stanley, looking lovely in a grey toque, and furs which the cold nip in the air made quite necessary. Her boy and girl, Lord Erne and Lady Kathleen Crichton, were among the competitors, and the latter won a prize. Lord Lansdowne (who looked ever so much better) and Lady Lansdowne brought young Lord Tyrone. Other spectators included Sir Gerald and Lady Sybil Codrington, the Hon. Algy Stanley, Mr. W. A. Harford, Baron de Tuijll, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lord, Colonel Sidney Hankey, M. Paul Lambert, Mr. and Mrs. Lysley, Admiral and the Hon. Mrs. Neeld, Mrs. Jock Murray, the Hon. Mrs. Llewellyn, and crowds more.

Captain Keith Menzies and his fiancée, Miss de Trafford, who wore a very *chic* wrap of tomato hue, were competing; amongst others who enjoyed the fun of the amusing contests of skill being Lady Diana Somerset,

Lord Worcester, Mrs. M. Kingscote, Colonel Walter Lindsay, Captain F. F. Spicer,



CARRYING THE KING'S COLOURS OF THE WIRRAL BATTALION: LORD LEVERHULME.

Lord Leverhulme is here shown emerging from the Lych Gate at Christ Church, carrying the King's Colours of the Wirral Battalion. This incident took place at the ceremony when the King's Colours of the 13th Battalion The Cheshire Regiment were transferred from the Garrison Church, Chester, to the Village Church, Port Sunlight.

Captain Shedden, Mr. Philip Donner, Miss Gwynne-Holford, and the younger representatives of the Harford, Lambert, Lysley, and Lowsley-Williams families. Captain Maurice Kingscote did stage-manager, and spent a busy afternoon with the megaphone.

Major Philip Magor took charge of the "pig," and took care that animal proved sufficiently wily and elusive. Captain Laye, of horse-showing fame, won this contest eventually. Padre Gibbs caused great amusement in the side-saddle race, appearing a trifle uneasy in his seat! There was great applause for little Miss Christine Lambert, when she romped away in the cigarette race, on the grey pony that won the first at Bath earlier in the week.

The Duchess of Beaufort distributed the prizes, which were useful as well as ornamental. There were roars of laughter when Lord Worcester was handed two pairs of socks as a reward for prowess in one event; whilst his winning team—in another—had to settle amongst themselves how to divide four silk "hankies" of diversified colour-schemes.

Lady Diana won so many prizes that she seemed weary of marching up to her mother to receive them, the last being for her whippet's success in the dog race, which had to be run twice, as the canine competitors went the wrong side of the post at first. In spite of some "savaging" and bumping on to the rails, the judges were able to award the honours at a second attempt, which concluded the entertainment, much appreciated by spectators and partakers both.

The boat train for the United States liner s.s. *America* for first-class passengers, will leave Waterloo Station, London, on Thursday, September 21, at 8.30 a.m., instead of 11.40 a.m., as previously advised.

MAISON LYONS CHOCOLATES

Given a sweetmeat whose coating is of smooth rich chocolate, and whose centre is delicious in flavour and consistency, one has a good chocolate. Given a Maison Lyons chocolate, one has these things—and something more. A Maison Lyons chocolate is just a little better than the best you have had before.

per **4/-** lb.

Sold in the Salons at the
CORNER HOUSES, THE
MAISONS LYONS & IN
ALL LYONS TEASHOPS

Maison Lyons Chocolates and Confections are sold
by high-class confectioners throughout the country.

J. Lyons & Co. Ltd.

:: London, W. ::



The "Red Seal" Box

A special selection daintily yet not ostentatiously packed. Obtainable in hard, soft, or assorted centres as required.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Box 2/6 1 lb. Box 5/-





*"For Art may err, but
Nature cannot miss."*
DRYDEN.

Better than Beauty

Better than the beauty that is only surface deep is the charm that holds as well as attracts. Charm flows from wholesome health and well-being. It is every woman's birthright.

An easy and pleasant way to attain that which belongs to you is by the use of ENO'S Fruit Salt. ENO purifies the blood, regulates the digestive functions, promotes healthful sleep and cleanses the system naturally, veritably *washing out* those particles of waste matter which go to make what is called a "bad" complexion. Put ENO to the test. You can buy the "Handy" size for 1/9 at any chemist's,

It's a pleasure to drink

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

In two Sizes: of all Chemists

3/- HOUSEHOLD SIZE HANDY SIZE 1/9

Get the Size that suits your needs

J. C. ENO, LTD., LONDON. S.E.

Maintaining Mileage Leadership



Fabric

THE Firestone organisation, justly proud of its record and its product, is keenly aware of the importance of the human factor in tyre making.

Every worker is constantly reminded that "Most Miles per Shilling" is the Firestone standard; and every day as he enters the factory he sees this injunction emblazoned as a special reminder for himself and his co-workers:

"It is our job to see that the name Firestone always means to the car owner the most miles for his money."

It is this determination to give greatest value that keeps Firestone quality improving.

With Firestone mileage greater than ever before, Firestone prices, as available to the public through dealers everywhere, were never more advantageous to the tyre buyer.

"MOST MILES PER SHILLING."

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Londonerry.

There's worth in Kenilworth

The "Kenilworth" crop now being used has developed magnificently in store, and is making the finest Virginians procurable to-day at any price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/6 for 20; 3/8 for 50; 7/4 for 100.

COPE BROS. & Co., LTD., LONDON & LIVERPOOL



ENGAGEMENTS OF SOCIAL INTEREST: THREE BRIDES-TO-BE.



ENGAGED TO CAPT. H. G. THURSFIELD, R.N.: MISS CELIA TAYLOR.
Photograph by Bassano.

MISS Celia Taylor is the second daughter of the late Arthur S. Taylor, M.D., F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Taylor, of Lovelace Lodge, Surbiton. Her engagement to Captain Henry G. Thursfield, only son of Sir James and Lady Thursfield, of 57, Rotherwick Road, N.W., was recently announced. Captain Thursfield is in the Navy. His father, Sir James Thursfield, formerly Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford, has published several books about the Navy, besides contributing

frequently to the "Naval Annual," and has for many years acted as correspondent to the *Times* during Naval Manœuvres.

Miss Helena Adeane is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adeane, of Babraham Hall, Cambridge, who during the summer entertained the Duke of York. She is to marry Viscount Folkestone,

the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Radnor. Viscount Folkestone served during the war, in India and Palestine, as a Captain in the Wiltshire Regiment. The marriage will take place on Wednesday, Oct. 11, at St. Peter's Church, Babraham.

Miss Marjorie Agnes Haywood-Farmer is the elder daughter of the late Edward



ENGAGED TO VISCOUNT FOLKESTONE: MISS HELENA ADEANE.
Photograph by Bassano.

Haywood-Farmer, and of Mrs. Haywood-Farmer, of Four Oaks, Warwickshire. She is to marry Mr. Charles Anderson Fiddian Fiddian-Green, who is the son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Fiddian-Green, of Sutton Coldfield. Mr. Fiddian-Green is the famous Cambridge University and Warwickshire cricketer. This season he has made over a thousand runs in thirty-two innings, including several centuries, and has an average of forty-two in first-class cricket.



ENGAGED TO MR. FIDDIAN-GREEN: MISS HAYWOOD-FARMER.
Photograph by Speight.



A CRICKETER ENGAGED: MR. C. A. F. FIDDIAN-GREEN.

Harvey Nichols

of Knightsbridge

DAINTY
BLOUSES
for Present Wear

Dainty Over-Blouse in good quality heavy Crepe-de-Chine, embroidered back and front in self or contrasting colours. The fullness at sides, confined by narrow sash-ends which tie on each hip. Made in all-Black, Black/Royal, Black/Grey, Grey, Nigger/Sand, Navy/Beige, Navy/Grey and Ivory.

PRICE
69/6



Pure Silk Hose, specially strengthened Lisle feet and garter tops. Kayser make, in Black, White, Putty, Beige, Silver, Grey, Pearl, Tan and Nigger. Price 8/11

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WHY SUFFER UNWANTED HAIR?

Not Electrolysis
not a Depilatory
Permanent Cure Guaranteed

The Solray Trade Mark
* Consultations invited without any obligation.

BY AN ENTIRELY NEW METHOD THE WONDERFUL SOLRAY TREATMENT PAINLESSLY AND PERMANENTLY DESTROYS ANY HAIR GROWTH.

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Don't take a chance!

There are no others 'almost as good'—if you want the best it must be PHILLIPS—The Secret is in the Quality!

PHILLIPS RUBBERS



For removing stains.

SUTTON'S
Cloudy Ammonia.

G. F. SUTTON
SONS & CO.,
Osborne Works, King's Cross, London, N.7

CROCODILE and LIZARD SHOES are FASHIONABLE

Some New **MAYFLOWA** Models



The
1 BAR COURT
Made in Nut-Brown
Crocodile, Grey Lizard
Skin, Louis XV or
Cuban
Heels **63/-**



The
**HIGHLAND
BUCKLE
BROGUES**
For Sports or Promenade.
Made in Grey Suede Calf, Nigger Suede
Calf, White Suede Calf, **39/11**
Tan Willow Calf



The **OXFORD**
Made in Nut-Brown
Crocodile, Grey Lizard
Skin, Louis XV or
Cuban
Heels **63/-**



The **GRECIAN**
Made in Nut-Brown
Crocodile, Grey Lizard
Skin, Louis XV or
Cuban
Heels **63/-**



The **LANGTRY**
Made in Nut-Brown
Crocodile, Grey Lizard
Skin, Louis XV or
Cuban
Heels **63/-**

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W. ABBOTT & SONS, LTD.

(PHIT-EESI) 58, REGENT ST., W. (Opposite Swan & Edgars)

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131a, Queen's Rd., Bayswater, W.
239, Brompton Rd., S.W.
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434, Strand, W.C.
24, Liverpool St., E.C.

98, High St., Kensington, W.
65, George St., Richmond.
7, Poultry, E.C.

INEXPENSIVE AND ATTRACTIVE CAMI-KNICKERS

IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the month of September, we have designed and made in our own workrooms from materials of our well-known quality a large number of inexpensive Cami-Knickers, suitable for Holiday wear, of which the sketch is a typical example.

Inexpensive CAMI-KNICKER, in good quality Crêpe-de-Chine; daintily trimmed with hemstitching and embroidery, finished small tucks at waist. In Pink, Ivory, Flame, Sky, Mauve.

Price **29/6**

In good quality Japanese silk,

Price **23/9**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.

Catalogue
Post Free.



A Modish Suit for Autumn

This distinguished Suit is as impeccable in cut and finish as it is 'right' in material and colouring. Copied from an original Paris model, it typifies the style and Quality for which Harrods are renowned.

'Godfrey'

The coat is made of Velveteen; belt and side pieces effectively trimmed with braid to tone. The skirt is of soft woollen texture with the new Roman stripes. In Nigger, Black or Mole.

9½ Gns

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

Harrods



BRIDES-TO-BE: SOME ENGAGEMENTS OF SOCIAL INTEREST.



TO MARRY MR. J. W. H. HARRISSON, M.C.: MISS SYLVIA HAYWARD PITMAN.—[Photo. Vandyk.]

MISS Sylvia Hayward Pitman is the only daughter of the late W. Hayward Pitman, J.P., and Mrs. Pitman, of 6, St. James's Terrace, Regent's Park. Her engagement to Mr. Jim W. Hyde Harrisson, M.C., only son of the late Captain Hyde Harrisson and Mrs. Pearson, of Grove Lodge, Upper Deal, was recently announced.



TO MARRY LIEUT. R. T. BOWER, R.N.: MISS HENRIETTA STRICKLAND. Photograph by Swaine.

Castle, Westmorland, and Villa Bologna, Malta. Her engagement to Lieutenant Robert Tatton Bower, R.N., son of Major Bower, C.M.G., and Mrs. Bower, of West House, Thirsk, Yorkshire, was recently announced.

Miss Margaret Napier is the only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Henry Napier, C.M.G., and Mrs. Napier,



TO MARRY MR. R. S. L. WORSLEY: MISS MARGARET NAPIER. Photograph by Arbuthnot.

of 41, Stanhope Gardens. She is engaged to Mr. Richard S. L. Worsley, only son of the late Richard Worsley, and Mrs. Worsley, of 25, Berkeley Square.

Miss Kathleen Marion Garrard is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Garrard, of Tysoe, Warwickshire. She is to marry Mr. Robert Laidlaw, late of the Royal Scots Greys, who is the only son of the Rt. Hon. T. K. Laidlaw and Mrs. Laidlaw, of Somerton, Co. Dublin

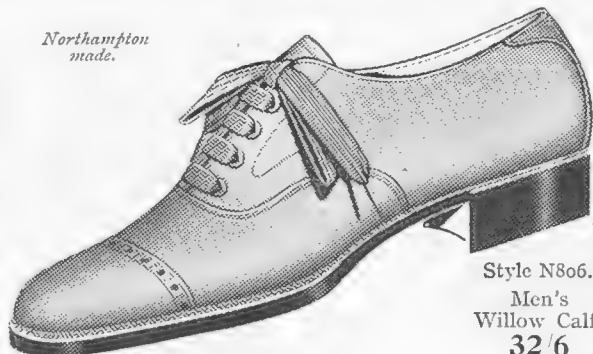


TO MARRY LIEUT.-COMMANDER DENYS SHOPPEE: MISS LETITIA ST. J. MILDMAI.—[Photo. Wrightson.]



ENGAGED TO MR. ROBERT LAIDLAW: MISS KATHLEEN GARRARD. Photograph by Bassano.

Northampton made.



Style N806.
Men's
Willow Calf,
32/6

NORVIC are now made for Men as well as Women.

IN style and durability the Norvic Shoes for men are the equal of the women's Norvic, which for many years have represented the highest development in factory-made footwear. Of the men's Norvic it can with equal truth be said, they fit and feel as though made to measure. The prices are exceedingly moderate for good shoes.



MASCOT for Men and Women are made by the makers of NORVIC.

Mascot for Men from 25/-
For Women from 21/-

Norwich made.



Style N162.
Ladies'
Patent
Coltskin,
35/-

Write for Name of Nearest Agent, post free.
NORVIC SHOE CO., NORWICH.

The only Successful Method of Removing all Traces of Age.



Smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day.

BY a wonderful scientific method known as the Hystogène Treatment, facial blemishes are corrected in one to three short visits. The face after treatment looks years younger. Puffs, rings, wrinkles and flabbiness around the eyes are removed, mouth lines disappear, sagging face is lifted, and the contour of youth restored. These remarkable results are accomplished without the use of massage, lotions, creams, pomades, steaming or paraffin injection. The Hystogène method has superseded all old, time-worn remedies. It is the only system which absolutely removes every ugly blemish from the face, either resulting from age or any other cause.

The following imperfections can be corrected permanently; the process is both painless and harmless:

Sagging Cheeks or Face, Imperfect Facial Contour, Loose and Baggy Skin under the Eyes, Flabby and Wrinkled Eyelids, Overhanging, Fallen and Bulging Eye-brows, Crow's Feet, Wrinkles, Ugly Frown Lines, Lines from Nose to Mouth, Drooping Mouth Corners, Imperfect Nose, Outstanding Ears, Receding Chin, Unrefined Complexion.

Call or write for Booklet "FACIAL PERFECTION," sent sealed on receipt of 6d.

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"MYSTÉRIEUSE"
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A harmless, non-greasy
Complexion Cream

Promotes healthy activity—
effectively whitening, softening,
and smoothing the skin

A protection against the ill-effects
of exposure to sun, wind, and dust

An admirable foundation for the
Morny Complexion Powders



Gilt screw-
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jars—
5/6 & 10/6

of your usual retailer,
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Your Skin deserves
this better Cream

Charmony contains no solid
ingredients to clog the pores; it
is a Day and Night Cream com-
bined and possesses Nature's
most potent aids to skin beauty.
Best of all it purifies, cleanses
and promotes healing when the
skin is broken or chafed. It
vanishes perfectly, leaving no
"drawn" feeling.

Charmony
"More delightful—More effective"

Send P.O. for your Jar to-day. Large
size 5/-, smaller 2/9 post free (the large
size contains nearly 3 times as much).
Only obtainable from FLETCHER,
HUNT & CO. (Dept. 6, Charmony
Works, Letchworth.



Save
Young Teeth
from Grit

A true dentifrice like Colgate's
Ribbon Dental Cream cleans
teeth essentially by washing and
polishing, not by scratching and
scouring.

Brought into action on your teeth,
the fine, non-gritty chalk in the
dentifrice (1) loosens particles that
cling to the teeth, (2) emulsifies them
so that they are readily washed away,
and (3) polishes the enamel without
scratching it.

That is all a dentifrice can do. It makes
your teeth as white as your teeth can be.
Nothing can make them whiter than that.

Strong drugs ought never to be put in a
dentifrice, nor grit either. Such drugs make
less mischief than grit because they don't stay
long enough in the mouth to have any effect.

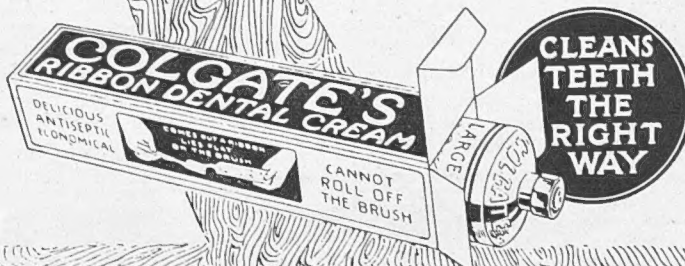
The saliva washes them all away in a very
few minutes. Grit is much worse. Perma-
nent injury may be done to the delicate
enamel of the teeth by the constant grinding
of a dentifrice containing harsh gritty particles.

COLGATE'S

Washes and polishes—doesn't scratch or scour.

Large size, 1/- Medium size, 6d.

FREE TRIAL. Send this coupon with
your name and address (or mention this
paper) and enclose 2d. stamp, to Colgate
& Co. (Dept. C 22), 46 Holborn Viaduct,
E.C.1. You will receive by return a dainty
tube containing 42 inches Ribbon Dental
Cream, post free.



CLEANS
TEETH
THE
RIGHT
WAY

A TRIUMPH
for the DEAF

WE live in a progressive age and there is
always something NEW and BETTER
to replace the OLD—this applies parti-
cularly to Science and Medicine. A few years
ago Radium, X-ray, etc., were unknown, yet
the good derived from these to-day is too
highly appreciated for more to be said here.

So with the mystery of Deafness, which
Doctors and Scientists have worked so hard to
solve—the OLD way of treating ears is replaced
by the NEW way—there are always new
theories, yet, as with eyes, so with ears—where
there is no cure AN AID MUST BE RE-
SORTED TO, the sooner the better, thus to
help, conserve, and, where possible, IMPROVE
THE NATURAL HEARING.

The old trumpets and bulky sound-magni-
fiers, 2 or 3 sizes of which were expected to
meet the requirements of so many varying
cases, have not answered the purpose, and they
must now give place to the NEW "ACOUS-
TIQUE," which has solved the problem. It
is praised in the Press, used and recommended
by most distinguished AURISTS, DOCTORS,
SCIENTISTS AND SOCIETY people. The
"ACOUSTIQUE" PUTS HEARING
WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL. One of
our greatest Doctors of Science pays it the
highest tribute—USES IT. Although very
deaf, he hears wireless from Holland by its
aid, and, after trying everything else, is loud
in its praise.

The only aid in the world made in 24 distinct
types, one for EVERY case. The ORIGINAL
exclusive

NON-HEAD ATTACHMENT
renders the "ACOUSTIQUE" as incon-
spicuous for men as women.

Ask for "The NEW Way to Hearing"
"Truth's" tribute to the "ACOUSTIQUE"

INDIVIDUAL DEMONSTRATIONS and
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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"SPEAKING by the card, the Consol Market ought to go better, and we should be able to make money out of the War Loan and Conversion."

"The card isn't always an infallible guide to speak by," replied The Engineer, with circumspection.

"Been doubling 'No Trumps' again?" laughed The City Editor. "I remember our last experience when you and I were partners at the Club."

"My dear fellow"—and The Engineer held out his hand impressively—"I held absolutely cast-iron cards—"

"But the other chaps' cards were gilt-edged."

"By which token, I take it that the silver lining changed pockets—"

"Yes, quite so," The Engineer interrupted hastily. "I am still thirsting for revenge."

"Take it out of the War Loan," suggested The Broker.

"There's nothing in the Consol Market at present. Stand clear of the gates and keep off the grass. In short"—and The Jobber refilled his pipe—"try some other market."

"We're not all gamblers," protested The Broker.

"Excuse me, but I think we are. Out-and-out. There's not a bachelor amongst us."

"Now you're trying to be funny," The City Editor, who had not been very long married, told The Jobber. "And, after all, matrimony has nothing to do with finance." A remark which he regretted instantly; though, having made it, he felt compelled

to defend the mistake. To his much discomfort. . . .

After The Compartment had settled down to business, The Broker said he thought that "these Textiles are high enough, and you can't justify the prices."

"Well, but, supposing you do sell, what can you do with the money?"

"I'm keeping my Courtaulds for three pounds," The Merchant declared in a tone of finality.

"Well, I really think Marconis—"

"Only as a speculation"—and The Broker spoke decisively. "Yes; I know they pay you 6½ per cent. on the money, and that there's still an unsettled claim against the Government—"

"But the scope of the thing, Brokie! Wireless is only in its infancy."

"And Eastern Telegraph Ordinary stands about 166."

"Jolly good stock, too," said The Broker. "Buy it for your children."

"A chap in the Stock Exchange told me to buy Jute Ordinary for the children," observed The Merchant.

"Not a bad buy, either. Why not have the 9 per cent. Preference? You can still get them under 19s., and they have participating rights."

"The Ordinary are only about six-and-sixpence. They may be a long way from a dividend, but there's a good profit in them for the man who will lock them up."

"Shall I sell my Dunlops and buy Jutes?"

"That's hard to say. I feel in my bones that Dunlops will come right some day. Sir Eric Geddes is Chairman now, you know. He wouldn't have taken on the job unless he saw daylight in prospect. You have to be very careful about what you say regarding Dunlops."

"You've got to be careful what you

say about anything," The Jobber stated gloomily. "A man showed me a letter the other day from his eldest son, somewhere in the Mediterranean, and the boy wrote—"

"Double whisky eightpence a time?" hazarded The Merchant.

"The boy wrote home he had noticed from *The Sketch* that his father didn't think much of some kind of fishing as a sport."

Painful silence ensued: silence that could be felt: an accusing silence.

"And that wasn't all," moaned The Jobber. "The son went on to say that the old man—he's nearly a beaver, too—"

"Fifteen," muttered The City Editor mechanically.

"—would find better sport in sending out certain things which the young fellow had seen in the advertisement pages—"

"I'm sorely tempted to sell my Mexican Eagles," The Merchant heroically cut in.

"And I think you'd do well to give way to the temptation," The Broker declared. "It's a most difficult thing to know what to do in Eagles; but, for myself, I'm afraid of that Market."

"The Oil Market as a whole?"

"The Eagle Market I meant, more particularly. Shells are all right, and Burmahs are going better still. What a rise in Anglo-Persians, eh!"

"Taking it all round, there's been a pretty good rise in many stocks and shares during the last few months. I don't think our clients ought to be so dissatisfied with us." The Broker fastened the bottom button of his waistcoat, and reached for his hat.

"What makes you think they are?" The City Editor challenged.

The Broker pointed to the date on the top of his newspaper. "September the Sixteenth," he said, "and only three brace, so far."

Friday, Sept. 15, 1922.

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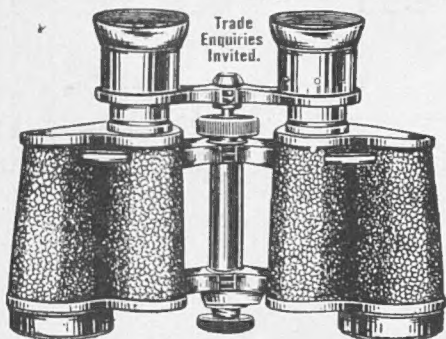
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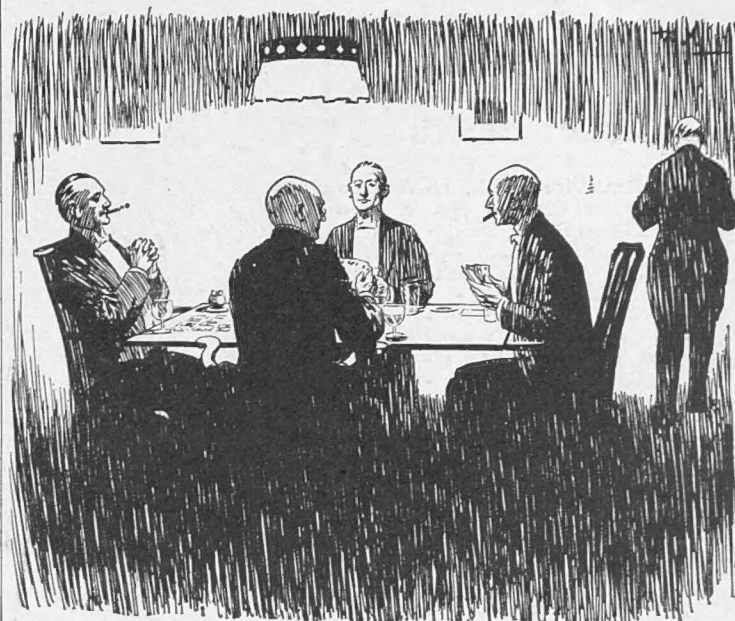
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